Perfect

H.

His Deuiſes, for his owne *exerciſe, and his* Friends pleaſure.

(:.:)

Vincit qui patitur.

Imprinted at London, in Fleeteſtreate, beneath the Conduite, at the ſigne of the Saint Iohn Euangeliſt, by H. Iackſon.

ANNO. 1581.

VIRTVS · IN · ARDVO

To the Right Honorable, and moſt vertuous Lady, the Lady Marye Counteſſe of Pembrooke.

THE LITTLE POET ACCIVS NOT knowing which way to couer the ſmaleneſſe of hys perſon, which was ſomewhat leſſe then the meane, thought beſt to haue a great picture drawne for hys Counterfeyte: This Poet no doubt had ſome meaning in this deuiſe, for pictures often go there, where the perſon whom they repreſent are not admitted: And it might be that ſtrangers ſeeing the great ſhape, would imagine Accius to be a tall man. Tewcer a cunning Archer, but a faynte harted Souldiour, then wanted no courage when he was cloſe couered with the Target of his brother Aiax. Vliſſes, whoſe rype wyt made full amends for his weake body, thought no aduenture dangerous, though neuer ſo perillous, if he were protected with the ſhield of Pallas. So I right Noble Ladye knowing my abilitie to wryte, to bee farre leſſe then the perſon of Accius, and ſo more lykely to incurre more rebukes: my courage therfore more faynte then eyther Tewcers, or Vliſſes, and ſo more needing ſome ſtrong defence, haue aduentured to place in the forefrunt of this little treatiſe, the tytle of your name, as a great portrature to a little body, as a ſure ſhield to a weake Warriour, as a ſafe defence againſt any danger. For as they which ſhould ſee the picture of Accius, would imagine it to aunſwere his perſon: ſo if the Reader hereof, behold your name in the fyrſt leafe, he will deeme the whole Booke the more fruitfull, and the frainer therof the more skilfull: but if he ſhall once perceyue your Honor to be Patroneſſe to this labour, he will eyther loue it, bicauſe he doth honor you, or wil not dare to reproch it, bicauſe he perceyueth you are as ready, and knoweth you are as able to defend it, as eyther Aiax was to garde Tewcer, or Pallas to guyde Vliſſes. I cannot right vertuous Ladye, imagine there was anye greater cauſe that might induce Accius to frame ſo bigge a picture: or cauſe Aiax to ſhielde Tewcer: or mooue Pallas to regarde the ſafety of Vliſſes: then my ſelfe

now haue to vſe your Honors defence. Accius his picture might with a ſtranger couer the ſhortneſſe of his perſon: your name ſhall to the Reader be recompence for the greatneſſe of my ignorance. Tewcer fled to Aiax bicauſe he was his owne brother: I preſume to ſeeke ayde of your Honor, bicauſe I am your poore ſeruant. Pallas did defende Vliſſes bicauſe ſhee knewe he followed and loued her: Your Ladiſhip (I truſt) wyll be my protection, bicauſe I honor and ſerue you, which I haue done in tymes paſt, now doe, and euer hereafter wil do, in ſuch ſorte, that the worlde ſhould be wytneſſe, if my abilitie to ſhew it, were as great as my wil is ready to performe it, I would be found equal in dutiful zeale towards your Honor, to Vliſſes in harty affection towards Pallas. Therfore right Noble Lady, let me be bold to remember you in behalfe of my ſelf, of that which Demoſthenes is reported to haue ſpoken to Alexander, in defence of the Athenians. You haue (ſayd he) moſt worthy Emperour, by fortune no greater good then that you maye: by nature no better gifte then that you wiſhe to doe good to many. The credite and eſtimation your vertuous lyfe, and rare wiſdome hath procured you: the honorable curteſie and ſweete behauiour wherewith Nature hath plentifully endued you, ſhal not be eyther vnfitly or vnfruitfully vſed, if you ſhal vouchſafe to imploy the one in defence, and ſhew the other in good acceptance of this ſlender worke of your ſeruant, which as I did wryte at ydle times in your houſe, to auoyde greater ydleneſſe or worſe buſineſſe: ſo I preſent it humbly vnto you, as a teſtimony of my bounden dutie, euer crauing your Honor to pardon my bolde preſumption: and ſtyl beſeeching the Almightye to bleſſe you in earth with much honour, and in heauen to crowne you with eternall felicitie.

Your Honors humble and faythfull

Seruant. Tho: Houell.

¶ The Table of the Contents of this Booke.

NO assurance, but in Vertue.
¶ Prosperity ought not cause presumption, nor aduersity force dispayre.
¶ Once warnde, twice armde.
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¶ No greater contrariety, then in the passions of Loue.
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¶ The paines of Louers great, but mine grieuous.
¶ Ruine the rewarde of Vice.
¶ The best Natures soonest abused.
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Doe or be still.
He denies quickly, that giues slowly.
Women are words, men are deeds.
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To his Mistresse.
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Who hurt, must heale.
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¶ An Epitaph vpon the death of the Ladye Katherine, late Counteſſe of Pembrooke.

Vltimum vale.

¶ In aduerſitie is beſt ſeene Vertues excellency.

¶ Sorrowe diſcloſed, ſomewhat eaſed.

¶ Omnis fortuna ſuperanda ferendo eſt. Of ſufferance comes eaſe.

¶ H. his Reply to his friend. A. M.

¶ H. to himſelfe.

¶ Written to a moſt excellent Booke, full of rare inuention.

¶ The complainte of a ſorrowfull wight, founde languyſhing in a Forreſt.

¶ Of Fancie.

¶ Aunſwere.

¶ Euer ſought, neuer founde.

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¶ Aunſwere.

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Of Golde.

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Of Friends.

Anſwere. E. L.

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To his Friend M. S.

In mediocritie moſt ſafety.

To the ſame.

That valiant hartes are deſyrous to aſpyre.

¶ Aunſwere.

Another waye.

To his Friend E. R. of the Bee.

Sure counſell, ſounde friendſhip.

They performe not beſt, that promiſe moſt.

Bewe

The Table.

Bewtie the bayte Vanitie.
Of Fortune.
A Sonet.
To her Louer, that made a conqueſt of her, & fled, leauing her with childe.
Beyng burdened to fayne his good will, he aunſwereth thus.
Chaunge of Country, ſhall not chaunge fancie.
Where abilitie fayleth, wyll ſufficeth.
Mans impietie, fayns falſe Deitie.
In loue ſmale iarres, ſometime breede beſt content.
What Nature ſeuereth, Arte hardly ioyneth.
He wyſheth well to the Crabbe and Maple Tree in Milfeelde, for the Ladies ſake that met there vnder them.
Being charged with fineneſſe he aunſwereth thus.
Such Saintes, ſuch ſeruice.
I follow what flyeth from me.
No griefe to wante of due regarde.
Of Anger.
A New yeares gifte.
Another.
Another.
Another.
An Epitaph.
A Dreame.
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Another waye.
Godlyneſſe paſſeth ryches.
His aunſwere to one that wrote, fayntе hartes that feare to ſynne, fayre Ladyes ſyldome wynne.
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H. To his miſhap.
Falſyfying of fayth, breeds many complaints.
To his Song, ſent to his Miſtreſſe.

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Aunswere.
The vanitie of rytches.
Discord makes weake, what concord left strong.
Of one that came to borrowe money.
Aunswere.
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¶ Loues myghtinesse growes by Louers weakneſſe.
¶ A comparison of his troubles.
¶ I. K. to H. being sicke.
¶ Aunswere H.
¶ Of Friendship.
¶ Aunswere. G. H.
¶ H. To M.
¶ Admonition to his Friend.
¶ Who seekes this Worlds felicitie,
Fyndes nothing elſe but vanitie.
To a Flatterer.
Aunswere.
Reason and Fansie doe often varie.
A Poesie.
Certaine Verses translated out of Petrark concerning Rome, written by hym many yeares since.

FINIS.

¶To the Reader.

Where none but Nature is the guyde, Minerua hath no parte,
Then you her Nurcelings beare with him, y knows no aide of arte:
I wake my wyts to please my selfe, nought reaking prayse or blame,
I force my pen to purge my brayne, though matter small I frame.
In which attempt, if lack of skill, haue led my Muse awry,
Let my well meaning minde the misse, in eche respect supply.
If patterns wrought by Arte, of curious workman here thou séeke,
Thy trauayle then thou shalt but lose, to loke and neuer leeke.
But if good will may thée suffise, peruse, and take thy pleasure,
In Natures schoole my little skill: I learned all by leasure.
Here nothing placed is, that may the vertuous sorte offende, (mende.
Though enuious Carpers barke and snarle, at things they scarce can
Whose chiefest grace is wise to séeme, by blotting others déedes,
Whose paynted flowers in prowfe full oft, fall out but stincking wéedes.
The chaste desyre with honest ryme, misliykes no whitt in minde,
But venomde Spyders poyson take, where Bée doth honey finde.
With greater ease a fault is founde, then well to welde the reste:
It differs much to tell the tale, and words misplaste to wreste.
By patterns here displayed to thée, thou mayst perhaps preuente
The poysoning bayts of bitter swéete, whose blisse brings sharp euente.
Disloyall loue and filthie lust, thou here art taught to flée:
With other sawes to sundry endes, though hewed rough they bée.
That lyke is lyke a Bubble blowne, or smoke that soone doth passe,
That all our pleasures are but paynes, our glorie brittle glasse.
That Fortunes fruites are variable, no holde in Princely mace:
That womens myndes are mutable, that death drawes on apace,
That worldly pompe is vanity, that youth vnwares decayes:
That high estate is slipperie, that onely vertue stayes,
Here learne thou mayst: with diuers notes, gaynst fraude and flattery,
That may suffise to warne the wise, to voyde such battery.
And eke thou here mayst viewe and sée, howe Bewtie cruell haste:
Doth make, to shun the gallant face, where she but late was plaste.
That she is Natures priueledge, and so is sayd to bée
Because she seldom giues that gyfte, but where she cause doth sée.

That

To the Reader.

That beawtie is a dumbe diſceite, not hauing woꝛde oꝛ arte:
And yet with ſlente crafte ſhe can, perſwade the hardeſt harte.
She conqueres where ſhe coms by kinde: foꝛ Creatures faire pꝛocure,
By naked lokes, ſuch yeelding harts, as they wiſhe to allure.
Whoſe vayne delyghts if thou deſier, thy thꝛyfte goes to the grounde,
(And yet by honeſt loue we ſee, the greateſt wealth is founde.)
Apollos tꝛompe my faults will paſſe, and waye my want herein,
Whoſe freindly fauoꝛ if I gaine, I pꝛiſe not Pan a pin.
The trauell myne, the pleaſure thine, if ought thou here doe leeke,
Thy good repoꝛte, foꝛ paynes ymployed is ſole rewarde I ſeeke.

Virtus honorem parit.

¶ Faults eſcaped in the printing.

In the Sonet entiteled Ruine the reward of Vice, the ſeconde line, foꝛ toy, reade ioyes. And in the fyft ſtaffe of the ſame Sonet, the laſt line, foꝛ foꝛſing, reade falſing.

In the anſwere to the poeſie wꝛitten of Fanſie, the laſte lyne, foꝛ you reade your.

In the Golden world, the xvij. vearſe and fyꝛſt woꝛd, foꝛ Goꝛ, read Foꝛ.

In the Sonet entiteled hir louer that made a conqueſt of hir, the viii. ſtaffe, the laſt line, foꝛ ſhamefull, read ſhameleſſe.

In mans impietie, faines falſe deitie, the firſt verſe, foꝛ faine, read faynde.

In Sorrowe diſcloſed ſomewhat eaſed, foꝛ ſetled ſoꝛrows, read ſoꝛrowe.

In ſuch ſaints, ſuch ſeruice, toward the ende of the Sonet, foꝛ when, read whence.

In what Nature ſeuereth, arte hardly ioyneth, the laſte line of the firſt ſtaffe, foꝛ ſame, read ſame.

In the vanty of ritches, after the firſt line read. Foꝛ who hath moſt of ſuch a ſtoꝛe, the moꝛe he feares as thꝛall. Which is there lacking.

In Diſcorde makes weake, what, &c. the laſt lyne ſaue one, foꝛ guyde, reade guyle.

In Reaſon and fancie do often vary, the firſt woꝛd, foꝛ there, read where.

Delightfull Diſcourſes
to ſundry purpoſes.

¶ No aſſurance but in Vertue.

Who wiſely ſkans, the weake and brittle ſtayes,
That Natures Imps, within thys vale poſſeſſe,
The dyuers haps, the ſtraunge vncertayne wayes,
That headlong forth we runne beyonde all geſſe,
Shall ſone perceyue, that euery worldly ioye,
Short pleaſures yéelds, imixte with long anoye.

Though whorde of heaped ſtore, for more delight,
Our Cofers kæpe, to pleaſe our grædie luſte:
Yea, though our time we paſſe in ioyfull plight,
And in thys lyfe repoſe our chiefeſt truſt,
Yet worldly pompe, when all is ſayde and done,
Doth vade away, lyke Snowe againſt the Sonne.

A tyme of byrth Dame Nature doth vs giue,
A tyme to dye ſhée lykewiſe doth prouyde:
No ſoner doe we fyrſt beginne to liue,
But ſtraight to death vnwares away we ſlyde,
And yet alas, our fancies are ſo frayle,
That all our ioye is here to hoyſe vp Sayle.

But ſuch as ſet their Heauen of lingering lyfe,
In pleaſures lap, whoſe froward tickle whæle
(Sayth wiſdoms ſonne) with frowning turne is ryfe,
To drowne their bliſſe, that blyndly ſo doe ræle,
By ſearche ſhall fynde, eche fléeting pleaſure vaine,
When Vertues Impes, with Vertue highe ſhall raigne.

Then who ſo ſées, the Sugar ſtrawde on Gall,
And ſhunnes the ſame, by ſacred Vertues ſkill:

Shall safely stande, when Follyes children fall,
That hædlesse holde, Dame pleasures wanton will,
Thus Vertue stayeth, when Vices steps doe slyde,
So are they blest, that doe in Vertue byde.

¶ Prosperitie ought not cause presumption, nor aduersitie force dispayre.

WHere Fortune fauoreth not, what labor may preuaile:
Who frowning fate wil nēds thrust down, what shal he win
With pacient mind to yēld, is sure the soundest way, (to waile:
And cast our cares and griefe on him, that fatall force doth sway.
For Death with equall pace, doth passe to Princes gate,
And there as at the Cottage pore, doth knock in one like state.
The tyme or maner how, the highst no more can tell.
Then porest Peysant placed here, in base estate to dwell.
Sithe then such fæble stay, in mortall might we finde, (minde.
Why should the wante of worldly drosse, in dole once daunt our
The Tylman pore in toyle, that spends the weary day,
Whose welth will scarce supply his wante, when some whorde
Fals not to flat dispaire, ne yet his labor leaues, (heaps ẏ play.
Though scarce ẏ stubble prowes his share, when others shock the
But liues with mind content, more frée frō care & strife, (sheaues
Then those ẏ hunger highest hap, where dangers dwel most rife.
Though prowde ambition blinde, puft vp with glory vaine,
Detest their state that riches wante, with hawty high disdaine.
The Seas oft troubled are, by winds that whyrling flye,
When shallow streams yēld water clére, in valleis low ẏ lye.
High Mountaynes set on fyre, by lightning eke we sée,
When Pastures placed vnderneath, in nothing altered bée.
The formost fronte in fight, are nérest deadly wounde,
The lofty trée is sonst blowne down, & leueld with the grounde.
So such as thirst to clymbe, to daunger most are thrall,
Whose slyding glory sawced is, with honey mixt with Gall.
For who so gript with griefe, if Fortune liste to lowre,
As those that earst did fæde at full, vpon her fayrest flowre:

Which

Which change full oft hath faine, through her vnconstantnesse,
And whome she lately laught vpon, throwne downe remedilesse.
Was Alexander great, that many daungers past,
For all his mightie conquest wonne, not slayne himselfe at last?
A kings sonne eke I finde, for Fathers tyranny,
Constraynde to worke a Smith in Forge, by harde necessity.
Such is the fading force, of Fortunes fickle powre,
Whose fruitfullst fruite both rypes and rottes, in lesse space then an howre.
Such is her tickle trust, such are her slipper steps,
That what she séemes to sowe in toy, with sorrow oft she reaps.
Attribute all to him, that fate doth guyde therefore,
With wylling mind embrace thy lot, where rich thou be or pore.

¶ Once warnde, twice armde.

WHylste fye deceyte, by sleight of smyling cheare,
Yéeldes tickling hope, to dandle on our dayes:
We dread no guyle, no doubling drift we feare,
Our sounde beliefe such setled trust doth rayse.
But when in fyne, we finde our selues misled,
We blame the frawde that so our fancies fed.

And gripte with griefe, our former trust we wayle,
Exclayming lowde that falshod so can fayne,
When glosing shewes clokt vnder friendships vayle,
Fals out but sleyght, to foster hope in vayne.
Loe thus full oft, what déemde hath bene the sunne.
Prose Cynthea findes, whose course more lowe doth runne.

As some haue tryde through time and trauell spente,
Who traynde by trust, haue déemde good hap there plast,
Had swayed the soyle, where ruine all to rente,
Hath due desart, with rigour downe defast.
Whose short regarde, for long imployed toyle,
May warne the wise of frawde to feare the foyle.

¶Flattery the Vayle of Frawde.

FAyre wordes foule déeds, pretended and forethought,
Who can but hate, that holds the feare of God:
Fayne you that lyst, such practise prowes but nought,
Vyle diuelishe driftes, prouoke Ioues wrathfull rod,
Which sure will fall, if we in synne perseuer,
Shame is the fruite, of frawde and foule endeuor.

Wherein beholde, some maske in Nettes at Nowne,
Yet vaeme they walke in clowdes of close disguise:
Hoyste vp in thought, to reache beyonde the Nowne,
When all the worlde, their couert cunning spyes.
But these to name, my pen and spéeche shall spare,
Who medleth least, least cumbred is with care.

Yt me suffizen may to note their driftes,
That wéene by wyles, the worlde to weald at will:
Their glosing shewes, their slye and guylefull shiftes,
To trayne such on, as synde not out their skyll.
Whose turnes to serue, though fooles a tyme be dandled,
The wyser wincke, that sée how things are handled.

¶No greater contrariety, then in the passions of Loue.

HAN wyll to strong, in worke to weake is loue,
In hope to bolde, in feare more faynte then néedes:
In thought a thousand guyles it stryues to proue,
In guyle, suspition painefull passions bréedes.
Suspition easely yéelds to light beléefe,
And light beléefe to iealousie is thrall,
The iealous mynde deuoures it selfe with griefe,
Thus loue at once doth frye, fréese, ryse and fall.
On pleasures paste to thinke, it takes delighte,
Whyles present bliss, by fonde conceyte it balkes,

Although

Although the fruite it fynde, be penſiue plight,
For better chaunce, yet careleſſe on it walkes,
These are the ſædes that Venus Baby ſowes,
As taſte they ſhall, the bitter crop that mowes.

¶In vttering of ſorrowe, ſome ſolace.

MY careſull caſe, and penſiue pyning plight,
Conſtraynth my Pen, againſt my will to wright:
The plunged ſtate, wherein I lyue and dwell,
Doth force me forth, my dolefull tale to tell.

My heaped woes, all ſolace ſets aſyde,
Whoſe ſecret ſmarte (alas) I faine would hyde,
But as the ſubiect Dre, to yoke muſt yælde,
So vanquiſht wightes, are forſte forſake the fælde.

My luckleſſe lotte, denies me all releiſe,
I ſæke for helpe, but finde increaſe of grieſe.
I languiſhe ſtill, in long and dæpe diſpaire,
Yet ſhunne to ſhewe the cauſe of this my care.

I couet nought, that reaſon might denye,
Ne doe I ſæke by meanes to mounte on hye:
But what I ſæke, if I the ſame might finde,
Then eaſde ſhould be, mine vncontented mynde.

¶Miſerie the ende of Letchery.

O Fylthy Letchery,
Fyre of foule fraylty,
Nurſle to ympietie,
Warre, pryde and ielouſie,
Whoſe ſubſtance is gluttony,
Whoſe ſmoke is infamy,
Whoſe ſparkes are vanity,
Whoſe flame obſcurity,
Whoſe coles impurity,
And aſhes myſery.

¶ The paines of Louers great, but mine grieuous.

THe Frost in flame that Louers finde,
And swelting heat in chilly colde,
So quite contrary are by kinde,
As strange it seemeth to beholde,
Strange is the feare that makes them fainte,
And strange the care that chokes their ioy,
Yet stranger passions me attaynte,
The onely Nurse of mine annoy.

¶ Ruine the rewarde of Vice.

YE you fayre Dames whose beawties braue do flowrish,
To you whose daintie dayes in ioye are spent:
To you whose prayse Dame Nature seekes to polish,
To you whose fancis Venus doth frequent.
To you I wryte with harte and good intent,
That you may note by viewe of what I say,
How Natures giftes sone vade and slyde away.

Your loftie lookes, time downe full lowe shall raze,
Your stately steps age eke will alter quite:
Your fraile desyre that kindleth Cupids blase,
Whose heate is prone to follow foule delight,
The whip shalbe, that shall you sharply smite:
When euery vice that sprong of Fancies fittes,
Repentance brings, to those the same committes.

Is not the pride of Helens prayse bereft?
And Cresside staynde, that Troian Knight imbrased:
Whose beawties bright but darke defame hath left,
Unto them both through wanton deedes preferred.
As they by dynte of Death their dayes haue ended,
So shall your youth, your pompe, and beawties grace,
When nothing else but vertue may take place.

Then

Then ſhake of Vice ye Nymphes of Creſsids Crue,
And Vertue ſéke, whoſe praiſe ſhall neuer die:
With fylthie luſt your bodies not imbrue,
As did this Ilion Dame moſt wickedly,
Whoſe bliſſe by bale was plagude ſo grieuouſly,
That loe her lyfe in Lazars lodge ſhe ended,
Who erſt in Courte moſt curiouſlye was tended.

Her Corps that did King Priams ſonne delight,
Conſumde with cares, ſent forth ſad ſighes full colde:
Her azurde vaynes, her face and ſkinne ſo white,
With purple ſpottes, ſéemde vgly to beholde.
Eche lymme alas corruption gan vnfolde,
In which diſtreſſe, and bitter ſtraine of ruth,
She begges her bread, for forſing fayth and truth.

No ſorrow then might ſaiue her lewde offence,
Nor raze the blotte that bred her black defame:
Her dolefull daies alas founde no defence:
Twas now to late to ſhunne the ſhéete of ſhame,
Which had bewrapt her wrackfull blemiſht name,
So brode was blowne her crime and curſed caſe,
That worlds bewrayed her frowning fates diſgraſe.

Loe here the ende of foule defyled lyfe,
Loe here the fruite that ſinne both ſowes and reapes:
Loe here of Vice the right reward and knyfe,
That cuttes of cleane and tumbleth downe in heapes,
All ſuch as tread Dame Creſsids curſed ſteppes,
Take héede therfore how you your tyme do ſpende,
For Vice brings plagues, and Vertue happy ende.

¶ The best Natures, soonest abused.

BEtwixte my hope and dreade, grewe such debate,
When fyrst I sought these naked lynes to frame,
That long I pawsde, as doubtfull to dilate,
Whether best proceede, or else leaue of the same.
Tyll hope at last, dispayre doth banishe quight,
And wylles my Pen assay in verse to wright.

Feare not (quoth hope) to shewe thy wylling will,
(Smale sedes sometyme may light on gratefull grounde:)
If none had wrote but Clarks of Tullies skill,
Swéete sawes had sunck, which now aflote are founde,
Then cast of dread, dispayre no whyt at all,
Diseases great are cured with Medicins small.

These chérefull wordes, no sooner gan reuiue
My Muse, but straight in mynde I me bethought,
How Gnatos secte through flattery doe contriue,
Eche guilefull glose, tyll they their wyles haue wrought,
Whose great abuse, though briefely here I touch,
I spare to speake, what might be sayde of such.

Of friendship sounde, though sundry yélde a showe,
Yet fewe there be, in whome is tryed trust:
Such frawde in friendly lokes doth dayly growe,
That who most fawnes, ofte proues the most vniust:
Who sooner shall well meaning mindes betray,
Then such as best can Sinons pagent play.

As Saylers earst, by Sirens songs alurde,
Deuoured were that lackt Vlisses skill,
So Noble minds by such haue bene procurde,
To credite toyes, that turnde to greater ill.
The Serpent wise, to stop hir eares deemes méete,
When Charmer sæmes to charme with voyce most swéete.

For

For lyke as ſhadowe plaſte before the eyes,
Is not the thing that it doth repreſent:
Nor al prowes Gold that ſhines when touchſtone tries,
Though fayre it ſéeme vnto ſome foule intent:
No more doe words that paſſe from flattering ſorte,
Yéelde ſuch effect as they doe oft report.

Some friendſhip faine to giue the greater gléeke,
Diſpleaſures doubt another ſort conſtraines:
To ſwothe vp things, which they perhaps miſlike,
By meanes whereof vnſéene, great miſchiefe raignes.
Some fawne to ſerue their turne, where fortune ſmiles,
But if ſhe frowne, they flée with all their wiles.

¶Such ſhewes right well, comparde may be to ſhade,
That ſéelde is ſéene, but where the Sunne doth ſhine:
For as thoſe ſhapes with euery clowde doe vade,
So Flatterers faile if Fortune once decline.
Vſe Serpents ſkill againſt this ſubtill kinde,
Flodes drowne no Fields, before ſome brack they finde.

As fyre doth fine, and ſeperate Golde from drolle,
And ſhews the pure and perfite from the vyle:
So tryed is when wrackfull ſtormes doe tolle,
The faythfull friend from ſuch as meane but guyle.
For like as Doues delight in buyldings newe,
To Creſsus Court, ſo flocks Corebus crewe.

Let wiſedome therfore weld your wayes and déedes,
Whoſe prudent poiſe brings darkeſt doubts to light:
To quick miſtruſt in truſtleſt, treaſon bréedes,
The haſtie credite oft déemes wrong for right.
Accounte of thoſe, whome Vertues raigne doth guyde,
For ſuch will ſtande, when gloſing Gnatos flyde.

¶He lykeneth his lotte to Virgils.

THough Virgils Mearse, for lofftie style were rare,
Surmounting farre my fæble Muses might:
Yet in this poynte my case I may compare
With his, what tyme another claymde his right,
And say with him, though I the sæde did sowe,
Another sækes the fruite therof to mowe.

Like as the toyling Ore the Plow doth pull,
And hath but stalkes, when others share the eares:
Or as the shéepe that Nature clothes with wull,
Brings forth the Fléece, the shearer from him sheares,
Euen much alike it fareth now with me,
That for the ground, where others reape the Fée.

I bred the Bées, thou wouldst the Honey haue,
I tylde the soyle, thou sækste by guyle the gaine:
I sowe the Trée, thou doest the branches craue,
Thou prickst for prayse, where none but I toke paine.
What déedes denie, some wynne by naked words,
I hatchte the brode, though thou possesse the brydes.

Who so doth holde the light, whilst others Maske,
No Masker is perdie, you know right well:
Nor all whose shewes would clayme the greatest taske,
Deserues the same, when truth her tale doth tell.
Though mine the wrong, yet sémes the losse so light,
As shame forbids me more therof to write.

¶ All of greene Willow, Willow, Willow, Willow,
Sithe all of greene Willow shall be my Garland.

Imbrace your Bayes swéetely, that smile in loue
And deck you with Lawrell, that dwell in deligh.
To me most vnhappy, still spurnde by dispight.
Is giuen wythed Willows to expresse my state righ

Pursuing the Panther whose swéete doth abound,
A most cruell Viper my hard fate hath found:
Whose nature to Spyders I well may compare,
That mercyleſſe murders, whats caught in her snare.

The Lyon doth tender the beast that doth yéelde,
The Tyger séemes constant, once conquerd in fielde:
Bellona shewes fauour to Captiues that sue,
But Venus refuseth my dolors to rue.

How shall I to ease me vnburden my brest,
Of these pensiue passions that brædes my vnrest:
When spéech wanteth powre, when voyce is vnpresst,
And wyt wanteth cunning to compasse loues hest.

Yet what auayles words, where eares words doe flée,
Though words to the minde, true messengers bée:
Or what vayleth wyt, where wyll is vntowarde:
The sacrifice lost, where Saints be so frowarde.

¶ All of greene Lawrell.

I Do sing of sorowe still,
Attending Venus will,
Were now but lack of skill,
Pittie lyes deade:

Then cast of mourning chcare,
Let ioyfull plight appeare,
Where clowds doe neuer cleare,
Comfort is fledde.
Loke vp to the Lawrell, and let Willow goe,
And trust to the true friend, imbrace not thy foe,
Sing all of grëene Lawrell:
By trauaile who stryueth, to winne thankelesse wight,
Is lyke one that washeth a black a More white,
Let all of grëene Lawrell bedeck thy Garland.
Though some distill their teares,
That wrythed Willow weares,
Yet fainte not at their feares,
Séeme not to dread:
The wisest haue done so,
The Valiant wrapt in wo,
Yaue taken ouerthrow,
By Fancie led.
Where wyt is constrayned by will to giue place,
Their songs are of sorrow, that ioyes would embrace,
Sing all of grëene Lawrell.
Let no deceytfull shewes of Venus bright shine,
Yaue power once to pierce the sounde harte of thine,
So shall the grëene Lawrell set forth thy garland.
Waygh not the wauering minde,
That fléetes with euery winde,
Tyll thou some stay doe finde,
Trust not so farre.
Unto Dame Constancy,
Bende still thy battery,
Flye fast from flattery,
With bewtie make warre.
So shall thy well lyking not harme thée at all,
For fayth fixed firmely, such fauour will fall,
That all of grëene Lawrell, &c.

When others in dolor their wrack ſhall bewayle,
Thy ſhyp on the ſounde ſeas in ſafetie may ſayle,
Where crowndē with greene Lawrel, in ioy thou ſhalt ſing.

¶No newe fancies, ſhall alter olde lyking.

THough Paris prayſe, Apollos Impe gan ſtayne,
When change of choyce his fickle humor feddē,
And Carthage cryes, with ſtrayned voyce complayne,
On periurde Prince, by night that faithleſſe fledde.
Though Iaſons heſte Medea founde vntrue,
And others mo there be whoſe fancye paſt:
That ſkorne the olde ſtill haunting after newe,
Within whoſe hartes no leeking long may laſt,
Yet tyll syr Phebus beames ſhall loſe their light,
And Ocean Seas doe ceaſe to ebbe and flowe:
Untill the day ſhall turne to perſite night,
And Natures courſe againſt her kindē ſhall goe.
My fixed fayth vnſpotted ſhall remayne,
What would you more, I vowe I doe not fayne.

¶A Dreame.

WHen Phebus bright was ſetled in the Weſt,
And darkneſſe dimme, the earth had ouerſpread:
When ſylent night, that moues eche thing to reſt,
With quyet pawſe, had plaſte me in my bed,
In ſlombring Dreame, me thought I heard a wyght,
His woes bewayle, that grewe through loues deſpyght.

Whoſe wearing wēde and veſtures all were greene,
Saue that his loynes with black were girded rounde:
And on his breſt a badge of blewe was ſeene,
In ſigne his fayth and truth remayned ſounde.
He ſighed oft and ſaid, O bliſſull hier,
When hope with hap, may ioye in his deſier.

But still to hope, and finde therein no fruite,
To be in bed, and restlesse there remayne:
To séeke to serue, and daylie make pursute,
To such as set but light of weary payne,
Doth brede such balefull dole within the brest,
As quyte bereaues all ioye and quyet rest.

Though taste of sower, deserue the swéete to gayne,
Yet cruell Fate I sée the same denyes:
So that desyre and wisdome prowes but vayne,
Without accorde and fauour of the Skyes.
But stedfast hope, séeme not (quoth he) to quayle,
The heauens in tyme, may turne to thine auayle,
Scarse had he thus his wofull spéeche concluded,
When wake I did, and sawe my selfe deluded.

¶ The lamentable ende of Iulia Pompeis Wyfe.

SOre plungde in gréeuous paynes and wofull smarte,
Bedewed with trickling teares on Death like face:
Downe trylles the drops on chéekes & sighs from hart,
To heare and sée her husbands dolefull case.
Thus goes thys spouse, the wofull Iulia,
Besprent with bloud, when Pompeis Cote she saw,

Downe dead she falles in lamentable sounde,
Of sence bereft (so great was sorrowes strayne)
The chylde conceyude within by deadly wounde,
Untymely fruite came forth with pinching payne.
When all was done, for loue her lyfe she lost,
For Pompeis sake, shée yéelded vp her Ghost.

So dead she laye, bewaylde with many teares,
A Patrone wise, a famous Dinament:

O Cæſar ſhe had ſéene full chéerefull yeares,
Jf thou with Pompey couldſt haue bene content,
But ciuill warres hath wrought this fatall ſtryfe,
To Pompey death, to Iulia loſſe of lyfe.

¶ Secrecy, for ſome ſorrowes, a needefull remedy.

LIke as the captiue Wight, in chayned tincks doth lye,
And hopes at Diſe to be releaſt, is thē condemde to dye.
Euen ſo alas my lot, by frowning fate doth fall,
That ſought to fēde on ſwēete delight, but found moſt (bitter Gall.
My reſtleſſe labor loſt, J iuſtly may compare,
To Siſiphus that neuer ſlæpes, and griefe to Tityus care.
For after ſundry ſtormes, when calme J thinke to finde,
More rougher rage a new doth riſe, to ſtraine my daunted minde.
And when my quelling cares, J ſeeke by meanes to cure,
Moſt deepeſt dynte of inwarde woe, alas J doe endure.
Prometheus pincht with payne, nor Ixion wheeld on wheele.
More grypes by griefe doe not ſuſtaine, then J vnhappy feele.
The ſomme of my vnreſt, yet couert will J keepe,
And ſecretly my ſorrowes ſup, when others ſounde doe ſleepe.
To eaſe my penſyue breſt, a Nearſe though here J frame,
The burſting forth of ſorrows mine, ſhal breed no further blame.
My eyes ſhall ſhryne this ſmart, my hart ſhall waſt with woe,
Ere J the ſecrete of my cauſe, bewray to friend or foe.
Saue onely to the Saint, that ſwayes my lyfe at will,
Whoſe pittie may prolong the ſame, or crueltie may kyll.

¶ The ende of lyfe, the begynning of blyſſe.

WHy ſhoulde we feare to dye?
Or ſéeke from Death to flye,
When Death the way doth make,
Eche worldly woe to ſlake,
By whome we paſſe to ioye,
Where neuer comes annoye.

Our tryflying tryumphs bœre,
Though we esteeme them dœre,
Are like to vapours vayne,
That wasse with little rayne.
Deluding Dreames in dœde,
Whereon our fancies fœde.

What yelde our pleasures all,
But sweeteneſſe twirt with Gall,
Their pryme of chiefeſt pride,
Unwares away doth slide,
Whose shewe of swete delight,
Oft dymmes our perfyte sight.

Though Ioue in loftie seate,
Haue placed Princes great,
With Regall rule to raigne,
His glory to explaine,
Yet vades their pompe and powre,
As doth the wythred Flowre.

Loe here the sureſt staye,
The worlde doth yelde vs aye,
Thy deareſt friend to daye,
To morrow falles away,
Whose wante thou doeſt bewayle,
When teares may nought preuayle.

Sithe lyke is myserie,
Voyde of felicitie,
Full of anxietie,
Giuen to impietie,
The death I happy call,
That doth bereaue such thrall.

¶ They

¶They ſooneſt yeelde remedy, that haue felt lyke extremetie.

THe flames of fyre and clowds of cold, repugnant in my breſt,
Hath quite exiled me from ioy, and reſt all quiet reſt.
Yet oft (alas) in ſhewe I ſmile, to ſhade my inwarde ſmarte,
When in my laughter waues of woe, well nie do burſt my harte.
Whoſe dyery thoughts I would to God, were ſæne ſo ful to thee,
As mine afflicted minde in payne, doth powre them out on mee.
So ſhould perhaps thy frozen hart, now harde as Flintie ſtone,
Within thy breſt w melting teares, take ruth on this my mone.
But as he well cannot diſcerne, what tempeſt Saylers frye,
That neuer croſt the checking tydes, ỹ ſurge with waues on hye.
No more canſt thou my cares deſcry, for wante of ryper ſkill,
Although in dæde the ſhewes thereof, doe pleade for pittie ſtill.
In vayne therfore my penſifue plaintes, by Pen I doe expreſſe,
When both thy will and want of ſkill, denies to yælde redreſſe.
The cruell fates (I feare) forbids, that I ſuch bliſſe ſhould finde,
Or ſacred loue ſome other hap, hath to my ſhare aſſignde,

¶A Poeſie.

SIthe follye tis to wiſhe, what may not be enioyed,
And wiſdom to eſchew the harmes, wherwith we are anoyed.
Let reaſon guyde thy thoughts, when fancie moſt doth fight,
And count him victor of the Field, that conquers bewties might.

¶Vnthankfulneſſe of minde, a monſter in Nature.

ON thankleſſe Friend, whoſe trauayle is imployde,
With Aſſes Damme ſhall reape ingratefull mæde:
Whoſe wanton Fole by her ſwæte mylke acloyde,
Oft kicks the Nurſe, that doth it choycely feede.

As doe the Vipers brode, whose yongling long,
When mothers care with tender loue hath cherisht:
Requite the same with such vngratefull wrong,
That in rewarde, they lyke by them is perisht.
Whose Nature is vnkindly to devoure,
The wombe whence fyrst they toke their lyuing powre.
To whom we may the vngratefull sorte compare,
That Viper lyke seeke spoyle, where they should spare.

¶Noble minds eyther conquer, or couer.

AS Scipio smylde to cloke his couert smarte,
What tyme he sawe his happy state declyne:
So some alike doe shadowe griefe of harte,
With outwarde myrth, when inwardly they pyne.
And to the worlde yelde forth such shewes of ioye,
As fewe would deeme, they once did talk annoye.
When they in deede, with Scipios griefe complayne,
Their short regarde, for long employed payne.

¶Vng ie seruirey.

TO serue but one, a constant courage showes,
Who serueth more, be rightly serueth none:
Base is the minde that bends to many Bowes,
Fyrst God, a Prince ioe ought obey but one.
One God, one Prince, be serues, defends and feares,
Vng ie seruirey, for his worde that beares.

¶Doe, or be still.

YE shallow Creames, doe murmour more then deepe,
And Cowards bragge, that dares no weapons prowne:
Whose Dogs byte least, that greatest barkings kepe,
Some do but fayne, whose shewes seeme farre in loue.
Vnsounde is the Tree, whence friendships fruite doth spring,
Doe or be still, let none but Syrens sing.

¶He-

¶He denies quickly, that giues slowly.

LIngring delayes, slacke payments doe forshowe,
Better no promise, then no performance:
Sleight are the sorrowes, slakte with comforts slowe,
Either sende, or ende, yelde some assurance.
Shyfting delays, misliking oft both brede,
They sone denye, whose Suters slowly spede.

¶Women are wordes, Men are deedes.

IF nought but words in women to be founde,
Then what are they, men, women, or Monsters,
That yelde lyke fruite? or elfe a hollowe sounde,
Which substance none, but ayre forth vtters.
By deedes and not by words, men praise obtayne,
Monsters, no men, whose deedes their words doe stayne.

¶Enuye euer depraueth deserte.

THou snarling Curre, that crept in Maunger lyes,
And lets the Courser there to reache his right:
Thy malice great, and swelling false surmise,
Thou aut shouldst barke, before thou secrete bite,
But sythe thy rankered nature (needes I see,)
Must byte or burst, I open warre denownce,
Against thy kinde, what euer so thou bes,
Which seeks by guile our buyldings downe to bownce,
With Syrens voyce thy tune thou seekst to fayne,
As though in deede our braynes so barren were:
We could not compasse tryflyng toyes most playne,
Unlesse our light we sought some other where.
Thou barkst abrode of Bookes, from whence it came,
But can thy head (in sayth) no better gelle:

The toyes themselues doe bid thee cease for shame,
Lest more thou spurne, more folly thou expresse.
Well Momus mate, and sonne of Zoylus secte,
That so canst carpe at euery wylling minde:
Raze nothing downe, till something thou erecte,
Spare others spoyle, sythe nought in thee we finde.
Let them enioye the fruites of their desyre,
That seekes good will, and craues no other hyre.

¶A Winters Morning muse.

AS by occasion late, towards Brutus Citie olde,
With quiet pace alone I rode, in winter sharp & colde.
In my delating brains, a thousand thoughts were fed,
And battaile wise a warre they made, in my perplexed hed.
I thought on tymely change, and musde on yerely waste,
How winter aye deuours the welth, that pleasant sommer plaste.
I sawe the naked Fields vnclothde on euery side,
The beaten bushes stand al bare, that late were deckt with pride.
Whose fainting sap was fled, and falne from top to roote,
Eche tree had newe cast of his Cote, and laid him at his foote.
The smale and syllie Byrds, sat houering in the hedge,
And water Fowles by Wynter forst, forsoke the Fenny sedge.
Thus Nature altering quite, her earthly children cheere,
Doth shewe what brittle stay of state, and feeble holde is heere.
Who as in slender things, she shewes her yerely might,
So doth she like attempt her force, in all degrees aright.
For as I musing rode, I plainely might perceaue,
That like both change and chance there was, mans state that did.
I sawe the mounting minde, that clymbde to reach the Skyes,
Aduanced vp by Fortunes wheele, on tickle stay that lyes,
Fall soone to flat decay, and headlong downe doth reele,
As fickle Fortune list to whyrle, her rounde vnstable wheele.
Was neuer Prince of power, so safe in his degree,
But deemde sometime the meaner sort, to syt more sure then hee.

Then

Then to my ſelfe I ſayde, if Fortune ſtande vnſure,
And higheſt type of worldly hap, vncertaine doe endure.
Why thirſt we ſo to raigne? why hunger we for heape?
Why preſſe we forth for worldly pompe, w̄ brech of quiet ſleape?
Which lyke a Mothe eates out, the gaine of godly lyfe, (ſtryfe.
With all that ſtretch their vaine deſyre, to wreſt thys worlde in
Whoſe fruite of toyling paine, by ſweate and ſorrow ſought,
Is loſt in twinckling of an eye, our name conſumde to nought.
Yea though by worldly wyles, we thouſande driftes deuiſe,
A God there is that laughes to ſcorne, the wiſedome of the wiſe.
When thus along my waye, I diuerſly had muſde,
I founde whome Fortune high did heaue, on ſodaine ſhe refuſde.
Then he by Vertue ſtayde, me thought the reſt did paſſe,
So farre as doth the pureſt Golde, the vile and baſeſt braſſe.
Euen he I dæmed bleſt, that wearing Vertues Crowne,
Doth liue contēt, not caring ought, how Fortune ſmile or frowne.

¶ Mans lyfe likened to a Stage play.

IF the earth is Stage whereon we play our partes,
And dædes are dæmde according to deſartes,
Be warie how thou walkſt vpon the ſame,
In playing thy parte, thy courſe vprightly frame.

Remember when thy tale is tolde, ſtraight way
Another ſteps on ſtage his part to playe,
To whome thou muſt reſigne thy former ſtate,
As one that hath already playde his mate.

All welth, pompe, powre, high hap and princely Mace,
Muſt yēlden be to ſuch as ſhall take place,
As things but lente, to play our parts withall,
Our mædе no more, then our deſarts doe fall.

Not he that playeth the ſtatelieſt parte moſt praiſe,
Nor he that weares the ryches robe alwaies,

But he whose Vertues shall excéede the reast,
How so his seate be with the great or least.

Take héede therfore, and kepe eche Cue so right,
That Heauen for hire vnto thy lotte may light.
With grædie minde so wrest not worldly gayne,
That soule doe spill, for flyding pleasures bayne.

Suffised be with that sufficient is,
And sæke the things that bring eternall blisse,
So shalt thou here not onely purchase prayse,
But after eke enioy most happie dayes.

¶ To his Mistresse.

MAye name of seruaunt, to familier séeme,
For such whose seruice neuer swarude awry:
Can Noble mindes so base of those estéeme,
That frely yélde for them to liue or dye:
No, no, some further fetche conceyued is,
Which hath withdrawne from me that wonted name:
How so it be, if I be more amisse,
Then sounde good will hath once deserued blame.
The wrekfull Gods powre downe vpon my hed,
Such sharpe reuenge as neuer man did séele:
And let my Ghost in Lymbo lowe be led,
To Tantals thyrst, or prowde Ixions whéele.
What wouldst thou more? if I not wilhe thee well,
In Plutos Den, then let me lyue and dwell.

¶ Rewarde

¶ Reward doth not alwayes aunſwere deſerte.

SIth my deſyre is preſt to pleaſe,
Though not with gloſing ſhowe:
And eke my deeds if proofe were made,
Should tell what fayth I owe.
Whereto ſhall I impute my hap,
To fate or wante of ſkill:
When nought I finde but tickle truſt,
Where moſt I meane good will.

¶ Who hurte, muſt heale.

THe ſparkes of loue within my breſt, doe daylie ſo increaſe,
That euery vain on fyre is ſet, which none but ÿ mayſt ceaſe.
So that in thée conſiſts my woe, in thée likewiſe my wealth,
In thée with ſpéede to haſt my death, in thée to giue me health.
O pittie then his reſtleſſe ſtate, that yéeldes him to thy will,
Sithe loe in thée it wholy lyes, my life to ſaue or ſpill.
That neyther doe I gloſe or faine, I loue to witneſſe call,
Who knowes the heat of fired harts, when they to loue are thrall.
And ſhall I thus a wofull Wight, in rigor ſtill remayne:
Shal ſuch as ſmale good wil me beare, thy grace frõ me reſtrayne
Shall falſe perſwation ſo prenaile, to let our wiſhed loye:
Shall fayth and troth for their reward, reape naught but ſharpe
Or elſe ſhal want of pyning welth, retract my iuſt deſier. (annoye:
Do not the Gods at pleaſure theirs, the lowe eſtate raiſe higher:
Is not the worlde and all therein, at their diſpoſing ſtill:
Doth it not reſt in them to giue, and take from whom they will.
No reckleſſe race then ſhalt thou runne, ne ſollow vaine delight,
In yéeloing help to cure his harme, that holds thée dearſt in ſight.
Ne yet from lip of Fortunes whéele, ÿ ſhalt ne ſlide nor ſwarue,
Such hope I haue of better hap, the Fates do yet reſarue.
Thy perſon, not thy pelfe, is all I wiſhe and craue,
Which more I howe I do eſteeme, then heaps of coyne to haue.

The greatest Princes aye by prowse, lead not the pleasantst lyse,
Nor euery maide that maryeth welth, becoms the happiest wyse.

¶Of Loue.

AND if Loue be Lorde, who or what is he?
If Loue be not, who then bereaues my rest?
If no suche thing, alas what ayleth me?
What breedes suche broyle, what woundes my yéelding brest?
To tell what tis, doth passe my knowledge farre,
But who so loues I sée doth liue in warre.

¶Of Bayes and Willow.

SHewe forth your Bayes that boaste of sweéte delightes,
For I ne may such blissfull hap attayne:
The Willow branche most fit for wofull wightes,
Beholde I beare, a badge of secret payne.
Which loe my sides enshryne, and shall doe still,
Till cruell Fate hath wrought on me her will.

¶An Epitaph vpon the death of the Lady Katherine, late Countesse of Pembrooke.

IF suche doe mourne, whose solace is bereft,
And sighs séeme sharpe to those whom sorrowes sting:
If cares increase where comforte none is left,
And griefs do grow, where pensiue thoughts do spring
Then be we sure, our Lorde in sadde annoy,
Doth wayle her death, whose lyfe was all his ioy.

If he (alas) with sobs her losse bemones,
May seruaunts spare their sighes abroade to sende?

Shall

Shall they in ſecret ſhrowde their gryping grones,
When mayſters playnts may haue no power to ende:
No, no, dæpe dole our penſiue ſides would pearce,
If we in teares our ſorrowes not rehearce.

Then mourne with me my wofull fellows all,
And tryll your teares your drowping chéekes adowne:
Guſhe forth a gulfe of grieſes, let flodes downe fall,
To wayle her wante, that ſprang of high renowne.
Who whyles ſhe liude, did ſundry ſéeke to ayde,
But Death, O Death, thou haſt them all diſmayde.

The chéerefull ſpring that doth eche ſoyle adourne,
With pleaſant ſhowes, whereby delight is taken:
Doth moue our mindes, alas the more to mourne,
Our Ladie loſt in ſource of ſorrowes ſhaken.
Which loe in Uer to heauen hath tane the waye,
To her great gayne, but oh to our decaye.

If Princes loue, if huſbands care or Coyne,
If Noble friends, if proofe of Phiſicks lore:
By long attempt could ſickneſſe vndermoyne,
Or ſearch of forrein ſoyle might health reſtore.
We ſhould not yet haue ſéene the ſonne to vade,
Whoſe clipſed light, hath turnde our ſhyne to ſhade.

But when the twyſte of this our tyme is wownde,
No meanes by man may ſerue the ſame to ſtretch:
Our lottes are layde, our bodyes haue their bownde,
Tyme ſwiftly runnes with ſhort and cureleſſe breatch.
Though world we weld in ſeate of Princely ſway,
Yet ſwarues our ſtate, as ſhade that flydes away.

The glittering ſhewes of higheſt glory héere,
Conſumes to nought, like clowds diſperſt with winde:

And all that Nature from the earth doth reare,
Returnes againe, whence firſt it came by kinde:
But Vertues webbe, which loe this Lady ſponne,
Shall laſt for aye, now theſe her dayes be done.

Her praiſe on earth lyke Palme ſhal floriſhe ſtill,
Her Noble déedes ſhall liue and neuer dye:
Her ſacred ſteps that ſought eche vice to kill,
Shall mounte aloft, though lowe in earth ſhe lye.
Who euen when latter pangues oppreſt her moſt,
Did mercy craue in yéelding vp the Ghoſt.

What would you more, her lyfe and death was ſuch,
As déeper head could not commend to much.

Ultimum vale.

FArewell thou Pearle that Princes fauour founde,
Farewell the Saint that ſhielded our annoy:
Farewell the Hauen whoſe harbor was full ſounde,
Farewell the Barke that brought her Chiefetaine ioy.

Farewell thou Spowſe to him that held thee deare,
Farewell the Lampe that gaue ſuch gladſome light:
Farewell of modeſt Dames a Mirrour cleare,
Farewell the ſhryne where vertue ſhyned bright.

Farewell thou minde that mente to no wight ill,
Farewell the harte that lodged honor aye:
Farewell the hande that helpt the needie ſtill;
Farewell the ſtaffe that ſought the weake to ſtay.

Loe here in teares my laſt farewell I take,
What Heauens will haue, the earth muſt néedes forſake.

¶ In aduerſitie, is beſt ſeene Vertues excellency.

WHen Boreas rough, had leaueleſſe left eche tree,
And hozie Hiems gan his raigne to holde:
In walking fozth, I might diſcerne and ſee,
A ſtately Palme, her bzanches greene vnfolde.
At ſight whereof, when I a tyme had muſed,
By malice meanes, I ſawe the tree abuſed.

I ſawe howe ſwelling Enuye in the top,
Sat ſhzowded cloſe, embzaſing ſlaunders cup:
By whome ſtode Hate, aye ready pzeſt to crop,
Ech ſpzinging ſpzay, ſo ſone as they ſhot vp.
And Flattery eke, did ſiſke from place to place,
By Synons arte, to ſeeke the Palmes diſgrace.

As Tennys Ball, yet make the higheſt bownde,
When greateſt powze is plaſte to pzeſſe the ſame:
Oz as a Bell ſends fozth the bzimmeſt ſownde,
When deepeſt downe the Ringer plucks the frame.
Euen ſo in ſozt, this Tree did riſe and ſpzing,
That Enuye ſought by burden low to bzing.

Which to your vertues may alude right well,
Though Malice fainte, to matche you with her might:
Yet fewe ſo ſure in theſe our dayes doe dwell,
That Enuye neuer ſpurnes with deepe diſpight.
If ſuch then be, oz if hereafter ſhall,
The Gods graunt you, as to the Palme doth fall.

¶ Sorrowe

¶ Sorrowe diſcloſed, ſomewhat eaſed.

SIthe kindled coales cloſe kept, continue longeſt quick, (prick.
And ſecret ſmarte with greater power, the penſiue minde doth
Why ſhould I cloke the griefe, from whence ſuch paſſions growe,
Unleſſe my braine by Pen I purge, my breſt they ouerflow.
When night with quyet pauſe, ethe creature cals to reſt,
Through quelling cares & pinching thoughts, I lye ſo ſore oppreſt,
That from my ſetling downe, vntill the tyme I riſe,
Sléepe hardly wins the force to cloſe, my watchful drowping eies.
The Skrich Owle me beſides, her doleſull tunes doth shréeke,
Whoſe cryes my cares may repreſent, that reſt in vaine do séeke.
To thinke on the miſhaps, which daylie me betyde,
When ſureſt hope of ſwéete redreſſe, I ſée away doth ſlyde.
The hardeſt harte by proofe, doth yéelde an inwarde pante,
When good deſyres are depreſt, by wrack of Irus wante.
Wante makes beſt natures fall, that elſe would vpright ſtand:
Want makes the valiant faynt in feares, though ſtrong be harte
Want drowns in dollor déepe, the pleaſants wits y bée, (& hand.
Want daunts the ſinſte conceited head, and makes it dull we ſée.
Wante makes the olde wyfe trot, the yong to run outright,
Wante makes the nobleſt hart & mind, to ſéeme but baſe in ſight.
Wante makes the Lyon ſtowte, a ſlender pray to léeke, (méeke
Want plucks the Pecocks plume adown, want makes ỳ mighty
Want is the ſowrce whence ſorrows ſpring, ỳ hatts ỳ lifes decay,
Want loads the hart with heaped cares, that cruſh al ioys away.
Néede hath no lawe ſome ſay, extremes, extremes doe vrge,
The paſſions that by want do pain, what phiſick wel may purge?
Unhappy is the howre, that ſuch ſharp ſickneſſe brings,
And thrise vnhappy is the wretch, whom want ſo deadly ſtings.
Aye me that ſuch ſowre ſawce, falſe Fortune ſhould procure,
When ſlylie forth ſhe ſéemes to throw, her traine on golden lure.
By ſleight whereof ſhe doth, a pierſing poyſon place,
Ful cloſely coucht on pleaſant bayte, to worke our more diſgrace.

As

As I but lately tryed, who doe her guyle ſo taſte,
That ſecretly I ſup the ſmarte, that my good dayes defaſte.
The time that I began to enter fyrſt to lyke,
Would God the ſiſters thrée had cut, the thréed with fatall knyke.
Would God that Death had bene, with bowe and arrows bente,
To pierce the woful hart of mine, which now with carę is ſpent.
Whoſe hard and crooked fate, increaſing euery hower,
Doth forze me wake when others ſléepe, where Fortune doth not lower.
And when the dawning daye, I doe perceyue and ſée,
And how fyr Tytan vaunts himſelfe, full braue in fyrſt degrée,
Whoſe gladſome golden beames, doe moue eche thing to ioye,
Saue onely me, whoſe wrackfull woes, haue wrought my ſadde annoy.
Then from my couch I créepe, al clad with cloke of care,
And forth to walke in deſarte woodes, my ſelfe I doe prepare.
Where none but wofull wights, do wandring waile their griefe
Where violence doth vengeance take, where neuer comes relief.
Where pleaſure playes no parte, nor wanton lyfe is ledde,
Where daintie lookes no danger makes, nor nice deſyre is fedde.
Where former ioyes doe vade, and turne to paſſions ſtrange,
Where al delights condemde are ſhut, in ſharp repentãce grange
Where ſetled ſorrows ſits, with head hangde on her breſt,
And wrings her hands for follies paſt, her preſent paines ẏ preſt.
Where Dolor ruthfull Dame, with ſad Diſpaire doth dwell,
Where Furies fierce doe ſwarme & flock, not diſtant farre from Hell.
Euen there in dolefull Den, driue forth I doe the day,
Whereas my painefull piercing woes, at no time finde delay.
Within whoſe troubled head, ſuch throng of thoughts do riſe,
That nowe on this, and then on that, in minde I ſtill deuiſe.
Among great thoughts thrownę vp, I downe will ſet the leaſt,
How ſyllie birde in priſon pente, tane from the Nurſe in neaſt.
Doth ioye in that her lyke, ſo much as though ſhe might,
From wood to wood, or fielde to fielde, at pleaſure take her flight.
By whome I learne how man, from Cradle aye brought vp,
In baſe eſtate that neuer felt the taſte of pleaſures Cup,
Doth holde himſelfe ſo well, content with his degrée,
That he in lyfe doth ſeldome ſæke, his ſtate more high to ſée.

But I as Byrde vnlyke, that flewe in prime her flight,
Through gallant groues & fertyle fields, in ioys & swéete delight.
Which shall no soner fele her selfe to be restraynde,
From her such wonted libertie as sometime she retaynde,
But forthwithall she doth, such inwarde woe conceyue,
That yéelding vp her pleasures past, her life therwith doth leaue.
When as the byrde in Cage, doth sporting sing and playe,
Who neuer found the place wherein, she felt more happy daye.
Loe thus the greater oft, are taught by things but small,
To knowe what restlesse griefe it brédes, from fortunes grace to fall.
I therfore wishe my lyfe, which all to long doth lasse,
In symplest sort had euer bene, from tyme to tyme ypasse.
So I by custome should, haue likt my présent paye,
Which now by tast of wrackfull change, in woe do wast awaye.

Omnis fortuna superanda ferendo est.

Of sufferance comes ease.

WHo wayles at paine of sorrowes deadly smarte,
By wayling much encreaseth sorrowes might:
In greatest griefes who shewes the quiets harte,
By pacience dryues sharpst griefe to spédy flight.
Repine, griefe growes, be still, griefe sone decayes:
Suffrance the salue for griefe at all allayes.

As Balles if throwne gainst stones do sone rebounde,
But fast they stick, if cast they be at durte:
So griefs nought harme where yéelding none is found:
Once fainte, and then they cause some mortall hurte.
By prowfe and tryall, this most true we finde,
Least hurte by griefe is done to stowtest minde.

Pacience and stowtnesse lodged in thy brest,
Shall voyde from thence, griefe sorrow and vnrest.

A. M. Vt animo, sic amico.

¶H. His Reply to his friend, A. M.

THe helthfull wight, with pleaſure well may ſing,
And courage hie to cheare the ſicke may ſhewe:
But if diſeaſe his happy ſtate ſhould ſting,
Thoſe loftie tunes would fainte and fall moꝛe loꝛwe.
Foꝛ Turrets tops that ſæmes to reach the Skyes,
By thundꝛing ſtoꝛmes to ſhieuers ſmale are ſhaken,
The ſtrongeſt holde where ſtowteſt Souldiours lyes,
Yauger their might, moꝛe greater foꝛce hath taken.
The ſoundeſt ſhyp long toſt with tempeſt, leakes,
In wꝛaſtling windes, the hugie Cables fayle:
The bꝛaſen péece ſurchargde with powder bꝛeakes,
And valiant hartes oꝛewhelmde in woe, do quayle.
The craggy Clyftes by ſlowdes are fret at length,
The hardened ſtæle obeyes the hammers ſtroke,
The ſtiffeſt bow ſtill bente, doth loſe his ſtrength,
Baſe Foꝛtunes blowes, all ioy likewiſe doth choke.
How maye he then poſſeſſe a quiet minde,
That cauſe of reſt doth ſælde oꝛ neuer finde.

¶H. to himſelfe.

WHom deſteny ſhall denye,
A happy lyfe to finde:
Why ſhould he wayling lye,
With penſiue hart and minde.
What gaine by mourning got,
What loſt by little care:
When néeds muſt light to lot,
What deſteny doth pꝛepare.

¶ Written to a moſt excellent Booke, full of rare inuention.

GO learned booke, and vnto Pallas ſing,
Thy pleaſant tunes that ſweetely ſownde to hie
For Pan to reache, though Zoylus thée doth ſting,
And lowre at thy lawde, ſet nought thereby.
Thy makers Muſe in ſpight of enuies chinne,
For wiſe deuiſe, deſerued praiſe ſhall winne.

Who viewes thée well, and notes thy courſe aright,
And ſyftes eche ſence that couched is in thée:
Muſt néedes extoll the minde that did thée dight,
And wiſhe the Muſe may neuer weary bée.
From whence doth flowe ſuch pithe in filed phraſe,
As worthieſt witte may ioy on thée to gaſe.

How much they erre, thy rare euent bewrayes,
That ſtretch their ſkill the Fates to ouerthrow:
And how mans wiſedome here in vaine ſeekes wayes,
To ſhun high powers that ſway our ſtates below.
Againſt whoſe rule, although we ſtriue to runne,
What Ioue forſets, no humaine force may ſhunne.

But all to long, thou hidſte ſo perfite worke,
Séeſt not deſyre, how faine ſhe ſeekes to finde:
Thy light but loſt, if thou in darkneſſe lurke:
Then ſhewe thy ſelfe and ſéeme no more vnkinde.
Unfolde thy fruite, and ſpread thy mayſters praiſe,
Whoſe prime of youth, graue déeds of age diſplaies.

Go choyce conceits, Mineruas Mirrour bright,
With Rubies ritch yfret, wrought by the wiſe:

Purled with Pearle, and decked with delight,
Where pleasure with profite, both in their guise.
Discourse of Louers, and such as folde sheepe,
Whose sawes well mixed, shrowds misteries deepe.

Goe yet I say with speede thy charge delyuer,
Thou needst not blushe, nor feare the foyle of blame:
The worthy Countesse see thou follow euer,
Tyll Fates doe fayle, maintaine her Noble name.
Attend her wyll, if she vouchsafe to call,
Stoope to her state, downe flat before her fall.

And euer thanke thou him, that fyrst such fruite did frame,
By whome thy prayse shall line, to thy immortall fame.

¶ Where Sorrowe is setled, delyght is banished.

THe Sable sadde bewrapped hath my lymmes,
(A sute most fyt for one repleat with grieke.)
Whose strayned hart in sowrce of sorrowe swymmes,
Where wrackfull woes at no tyme finde reliefe.
Whose foode is feare, whose drinke is dolor deepe,
Whose sawce is sighes, whose taste sharpe passions are:
Whose rest is ruthe, where sorrowes neuer sleepe,
Whose comfort clipsed is with clowds of care.
Whose helpe is frozen, whose hap hath hard euente,
Whose hope is queld with clogge of colde dispayre:
Whose trust is tyerd, whose toyle in vaine is spente,
Whose pensiue plaintes but beate the barreyn ayre.
Where nought I finde, but drugges of bitter taste,
Whose dolefull dayes in darke annoye do waste.

¶ The complainte of a sorrowfull wight, founde languishing in a Forrest.

When spring in lyuely grëene, eche fielde hath deckt anewe,
And strowde the soyle with flowers sweete of sundry kinds of hewe.
What time the chëerefull buds, & blossoms braue in sight,
Inuites the weary dulled minde, abroad to take delight.
Then I by fancie led, a tyme to sporte and play,
To Forrest fayre of pleasant ayre, began to take the way.
And as I past through out a Valley fayre and grëene,
Where sundrye sweete & rare delights, I earst had heard & sëene.
All whuste I found it tho, such silence was there kept,
As if it midnight then had bëene, and all thing sounde had slept.
Whereat amazde I stoode, and listning long, might heare,
At last a dolefull sounding voyce, with lowe lamenting cheare,
In shrubs hard shrowded by, a wofull wight there lay, (away.
Whose corps through care & lingering griefe, was welny worne
Where powring out his plainte he curst the tyme, and when
That fyrst on earth he placed was, to lead his lyfe with men.
Whose selfeloue sëemth so sweete, that friendship yëlds no taste,
And double dealing gaines such price, that plainenesse is displaste.
Alas, quoth he the Babes, one wombe brought forth and bare.
Will nowe object, what are we bounde, the one to others care.
Whereas good nature bids, go meete thy friends distresse,
And beare some parte of his mishap, that he may beare the lesse.
If friend to friend thus doe, who faster friend should bee,
Then he (alas) in thy distresse, that nought will doe for thée.
Ah wofull man he sayth, thy lotte hath falne thée so,
That sowrce of sorrowes thée besets, with waues of wailful woe.
When he where fauour most, thou shouldst by nature finde,
Doth causeleste shake thée of in care, & shewes himselfe vnkinde.
O wretch in dolor drencht, O minde with mone oppresst,
O gulfe of griefe, O sea of sighes, that straine thy pensiue brest.
If wel by Ben thou couldst, thy present passions showe, (nowe.
The hart that harmes nowe remaines, would some relente I

But

But sith my hap is such, as reape may no redresse, (expresse.
Come forth you Forrest Driads all, your mournefull Tunes
Drawe nere you Satyrs fower, and straine your dolefull cryes,
To wayle the woes of him (alas) in languor deepe that lyes.
Be witnesse woodes and Fields, ye Trees recorde my bale,
You Naides eke that haunt the Springs, repeate my wofull tale.
And say vnto the wight, that lyues vnfriendly bente,
How death would be so sweete to me, as ioy to his contente.
For better twere of bothe, then restlesse still remayne,
By ending quyte my lothed lyfe, to ende my lingering payne.
Here sparing further speeche, aside he cast his eye,
And fynding me, as one dismayde, away he sought to flye.
Whose will when I perceaude, to shunne my sight full bente,
I to him stept, and askte the cause, that mouede him to lamente.
Whereto no worde he gaue, but stands like one amazde,
And with a strange and gastly loke, long tyme on me he gazde.
His face was thinne and leane, his colour dim as leade, (head.
His cheeks were waine, his body weake, his eyes deepe sunck in
His hart straynde, his minde tost, his wyt with woe nere wrong,
A rufull thing it was (alas) to viewe him so forlorne.
With deepe fet sighe from breast, sent forth by inwarde payne,
His feeble voice and foltring tongue, he gan at last to straine.
And thus to me he sayde: O what art thou in woe:
We Wyser wretche that here dost finde, with griefe perplered so?
Whose present state to learne, why dost thou thus require?
Smale gayne to thee, great paine to me, to yelde to thy desire.
Yet sithe against my will, thine eares haue heard the plainte,
Which in this desarte place I pass, to ease my breast attainte.
Thus much at thy request, I further will reueale,
As for the rest this corps of mine, for euer shall conceale.
Whom earst a friend I founde, me cruell hath forsaken,
What wouldst thou more this is the summe, that I with sighes
But cruel fate I feare, doth force it so to be, (am shaken.
Adue farewell, let this suffice, inquier no more of me.
Which saide away he goes, God knoweth a wofull wight,
And leaues me there with sorrow fraight, yfought to take delight

¶Of Fancie.

THe kindled ſparkes of fyre, that Fancies motions moue,
Do force me feele, though I ne ſee, nor know not what is loue.
Deſyre on ruth doth runne, imbracing griefe for game,
Whoſe ioye is like the flies delight, that fries amid the flame.
If yeelds and mercy craues, yet wots not who makes warres,
The only thing it ſees or knowes, is one that loue preferres,

¶Aunſwere.

YOu loue belike to freeſe amid the flame,
To weepe in ioye, to ioy in great diſtreſſe:
To laugh in teares, to leape and yet be lame,
Midſt greeuous myrth & gladſome heauineſſe.
To ſinck in dread, and not to ſeeke redreſſe,
You Titius lyke doe play this wofull parte,
You loue the Gryppe that tyers vpon your harte.

¶Euer ſought, neuer founde.

THe more I ſtriue, the ſtronger is my thrall,
The ſtronger thrall, the weaker ſtill mine ayde:
The weaker ayde, the greater griefe doth fall,
The greater griefe, the more with doubt diſmayde.

Where lyfe I reache, there dollor biddes me die,
In ſweeteſt ſoyle, I ſtraine the greateſt Snake:
My cares increaſe, when comfort drawes moſt nie,
From dainty pray, I pearſing poyſon take.

Still pynde in colde, I parched am with heate,
As fyre I flye, vpon the flame I runne:

In ſwelting gleames, my chylly corps I beate,
Congealde to ſee, where ſhynes the cleereſt ſunne.
Loe thus I lyue, and lyuing thus I dye,
Drowninde in diſpayre, with hope aduaunced hye.

¶A Poeſie.

THe valiant minde, by venture gaines the Goale,
Whyles fearefull wightes in doubt doe blow the coale.

¶A anſwere.

BAt wary wightes, by wiſedome ſhunne the ſnare,
When venterous minds through hault, are wrapt in care.

¶Euery thing is as it is taken.

SOme onely for diſporte, a kinde of myrth doth rayſe, (prayſe.
For which of ſome they finde diſlyke, of ſome they purchaſe
The Tale that ſome cloynte by, with rude vnciuill ſence,
Doth more delight the eares of ſome, then ſweeteſt eloquence.
The Fole ſometimes doth pleaſe, when wiſe aſide are ſhake,
Then true it is that euery thing, is as men liſte it take.

Who hath by knowledge ſkyll, of euery ſoke the length,
Or can he always hit the marke, ỹ drawes the greateſt ſtrength
Some carpe at others factes, that nought themſelues will bewe,
And ſome by high diſdaine doe ſeeke, to mende Apelles shue.
What ſome in others ſpurne, themſelues would not forſake,
But wylie Fore from lofty Vine, doth bow no grapes to take.

A worde paſte forth in ſporte, to earneſt oft doth turne,
So where there was no fire before, great flames on ſodain burne

Not one mans children all, eche Nature is not léeke,
But who hath mean to measure wil, shal giue the greater gléeke.
First looke then leape, the blind doth run in many a brake,
And eche thing still by proofe we sée is as men list it take.

Who so doth rule his rage, by wisdoms sacred skill,
No doubt shal shunne ful great annoy, that follows rashnes still.
And who his tongue can stay, till place and time doe serue,
His mind at large may better speake and greater praise deserue.
Though friends like friends would shade, the sun beams for thy (sake.
Yet al things are assuredly, as men them list to take.

But al not friends in déede, of friendships bounds that bostes,
Take héede, no house may long indure, propt vp wͤ rotten postes.
Some rotten are at harte, yet beares a friendly face,
And vnder cloke of fawning shews, a Serpents sting thimbrace.
Tis hard to know of whom we certaine counte may make,
For though they smile, yet thée they déeme, as they thée list to (take.
As they thée list to take, suche shalbe their reporte,
Malicious minds are euer prest against the vertuous sorte.
Be chary in thy choice, least frawde thy faith abuse,
Of sundrie sectes embrace the best, the flattering flock refuse.
Thus warely runne thy race, eschew the lurcking Snake,
Imbrace the good, as for the rest, no force how they thée take.

¶ To his Lady of her doubtfull aunswere.

Twixt death and doubtfulnesse,
Twixt paine and pensiuenesse,
Twixt Hell and heauynesse,
Rests all my carefulnesse.

O vaine securitie,
That will not libertie,
Fye on that fantasie,
That brings captiuitie.

My lyfe is lothsomnesse,
My pleasure pastimelesse,
My ende your doubtfulnesse,
If you be merryelesse.

In doubt is iealosie,
Hope helpeth miserie,
Most women commonly,
Haue aunswers readily.

¶ Helpe best welcome, when most needefull.

THe bitter smarte that straines my mated minde,
Through quelling cares that threate my woful wrack:
Doth prick me on against my wyll I finde,
To pleade for grace, or else to pine in lack.
As fainting soule sokt vp with sickly paine,
Prayeth Phisicks aide in hope of helth againe.

Whilste Seamomes serues, the shipman feares no soyle,
In quiet Porte there nedes no Pilotes Arte:
But when through wearie winters tyring toyle,
Cléere Sommers calmes to carefull clowds conuarte.
And streaming stormes at hand do danger threate,
Then Masters ayde is sought in perrill great.

So I right Noble Péere and Lodesterre mine,
Whose Pynnis smale an vpright course hath ronne:
In seruice yours, am forced nowe in fine,
Mine ancors worne, my sayles and tackling donne,
In humblest wise your honors help to craue,
My foredriuen ship from swallowing vp to saue.

You are the Hauen whereon my hope depends,
And I the Barck vpon the drie shore driuen:
You eke the lande that chærefull Pilotte lends,
And I the wight, whom Seas to wrack hath giuen.
What resteth then, if Harbour you denye,
But that my shyp must perishe, sinck and dye.

For now to late to sownde some other shore,
And he that hath and should by nature ayde:
Withdrawes his hande, and sayth he may no more,
Loe thus alas, I liue lyke one dismayde,
Twirte death and doubt, still surgde vpon the sande,
Stayde vp by hope to light on fyrmer lande.

But oh, O me, where Autumne fruiteless slydes,
A barren hope to Hiems falles by kinde:
In Haruest tyme, whose trauaile nought prouydes,
A nypping Winter shall be sure to finde.
So careless youth that wastes his yeares in vaine,
In age repents bereft of hope or gaine.

As yeares increase, vncertaine hope seemes harde,
When sickness sharpe hath gathered greatest force:
Then Phisicks cure doth seeme a swéete rewarde,
Which you may yelde, if please you take remorse.
My stepdame strange, I Fortune yet doe finde,
Which makes me more to dread some wrack behinde.

For where I séeke the depth of hope to sounde,
To helpe my selfe, and stay my credite still:
To fronte my course, doth crooked hap rebounde.
Though such I feare, as euer mente me ill.
Or else in state I stande the most accurst,
(If seruice long me shrowde not from the wurst.)

Though

Though ſome be ſlowe to reache relieke at néeds,
And with delayes the matter will delate:
Yet Noble minde then ſheweth it ſelfe in déede,
By gyuing ſtrength vnto the weakned ſtate,
I ſéeke no ſtore to lyue and lye at reſt,
I wiſhe but ayde in that I am oppreſt.

Which if you graunt, you ſhall great honor gayne,
And eke encourage thoſe of yonger dayes:
With chéerefull hope themſelues & friends to ſtrayne,
To ſerue a wyght that ſo his ſeruaunt ſtayes.
And I releaſt from wrackfull woes vnreſt,
Will blaſe your praiſe tyll lyfe ſhall faile my breſt.

¶ Of the Golden worlde.

THe golden worlde is paſt ſayth ſome,
But nowe ſay I that worlde is come:
Now all things may for Golde be had,
For gayne of Golde, both good and bad.
Now honour hie for Golde is bought,
That earſt of greater price was thought.
For Golde the Fole alofte doth riſe,
And ofte is plaſte aboue the wiſe.
For Golde the ſubtile ſhewe their ſkill,
For Golde the wicked winne their will.
For Golde who ſhunnes to wreſt a wrong,
And make it ſéeme as right and ſtrong:
Who ſpares to pleade as pleaſeth thée,
If bring thou doe a golden fée:
The Fatherleſſe is quyte forgot,
Where golden giftes doe fall to lot.
For Golde the Wyddow is oppreſt,
And rightfull heyres are diſpoſſeſt.
Powre Irus cauſe at doore doth ſtande,
If Croeſus come with Golde in hande.

What mischiefe may almost be thought,
That now for Golde not daylie wrought?
A heape of ylles for Golde are clokte,
Yea vice for Golde hath vertue chokte.
For gayne of Golde the Flatterer smyles,
And on thée fawnes with sundry wyles.
I will not here through golden traps,
Say Louers light in Ladies laps.
But briefe to bée, what can you craue,
That now for Golde you may not haue?
Then truth to tell, and not to fayne,
Right now the golden worlde doth raygne.

¶Of Golde.

O Gracious Golde,
Whose glittering hie:
Doth chéere and holde,
Eche gazing eie.
The swéete delight,
That dwelles in thée:
Doth spoyle eche spight,
And pouertée.
Thou liftes aloft,
Who late was lowe:
By thée Fooles oft,
The wise orethrow.
What ioy, what gaine,
What worldly thing:
Doth want to them,
That Golde doe bring?
Golde buyldeth townes,
Golde maketh ioy:
Gold chéereth clownes,
Golde quelth anoy.
Golde all can doe,
Golde raignes alone:
Alas what woe,
Where Golde is none.
As I poore wight,
By proofe doe sée:
Which gladly séeke,
That will not bée.
But well I were,
If I might catch,
Whyte syluer cléere,
Which all men snatch,

¶ A. W.

THo wante of Coyne ſo grypes my breſt,
That what to doe I know not beſt,
I trudge, I toyle, I ſéeke, I ſue,
But aye good hap bids me adue.

¶ A unſwere. H.

IF nipping néede Legittimus conſtraynde,
in hande to grype the beauie Hammer great:
With which through wante his Princely corps he paynde.
on ſtythie hard, in Vulcans trade to beat.
If he (I ſay) of crowned king the ſonne,
by fate was forſte ſuch bitter blaſtes to bide:
Diſpaire not thou thy wrackfull race to runne.
for welth as ſhade from eche eſtate doth ſlide.
Pluck vp thy harte, thy hap not yet ſo harde,
ſince Princes great haue felt a fall more déepe:
King Dioniſe from regall rule debarde,
for his reliefe a Grammer ſchoole did kéepe.
By which thou mayſte thy wandring minde ſuffiſe,
That Fortunes whéele now vp, now down doth riſe.

¶ Of Friends.

AS fyre doth fine and ſeperate Golde from droſſe,
And ſhews the pure and perfite from the vyle:
Right ſo is tryde, when nipping ſtormes doe toſſe,
A faythfull friend, from ſuch as meane but guyle.
Whylſte Fortune ſmyles, and thou no wante doſt fæle,
Of friends no doubt thou ſhalt haue heaped ſtore,
But if ſhe once doe whyrle aſide hir whéele,
They ſlinke away, as though vnknowne before.

Lyke Doues that leaue the olde and ruynous towre,
And flocking flye to buyldings braue and new:
So fayned friends, when fortune ſæmes to lowre,
Their flight do take, and bids thee ſtraight adew,
Thus he which earſt had friends on euery ſide,
Not hauing one, alone doth now abide.

¶Anſwere. E. L.

IF perfite tryall might as ſone be had,
Of perfite men, as of the pure Golde:
It were not hard to know the good from bad,
Their difference ſone might eaſilye then bée
For Fyre leſſe than in an houres ſpace, (tolde.
Will finde the fault of Golde, and make it plaine,
But men haue meanes to counterfeyt ſuch grace,
That they will aſke at leaſt a yeare or twaine.
And yet at laſt will not be tryde at all,
For ſome perchance will byde a touch or two,
And will not ſæme to flye when you ſhall fall:
But offer you what they and theirs can doe.
Yet not ſo ſounde as they ſhould be in dæde,
But make a meanes to make you ſerue their néede.

¶Reply to the ſame.

THat longer tyme the Friend than Golde ſhould trye,
I neuer yet denide nor would defende:
Yow fayned friends do fayle, if fate doe wrye,
Is totall ſumme wherto my tale doth tende.
For euery thing hath certaine tyme I knowe,
The full effect to worke of Natures charge,
The tender twig in tyme a trée doth growe,
And little Babes in tyme doe prooue more large.
Some fruite ſcarce rype, when ſome doe drop away,
Some bloume, ſome beare according to their kinde,

Some

Some ſone ſhoote vp, ſome longer ſpace doe ſtay,
Eche taketh the time that Nature hath aſſignde.
The Marble ſtone in time by watery dꝛops
Is pierced dæpe, and eke in time doth fall,
The ſtately towꝛes with fine and curious tops,
Foꝛ time in time, no doubt tryes all in all.
Which triall firſte, occaſion ſækes to make,
As fyꝛe by heate the Golde doth fine and pure,
In næde likewiſe occaſion men ſhall take,
A friend to try, from ſuch as ſtande vnſure.
But ſome a time will ſæme to ſtay ſay you,
And after fayle, perceyuing further næde:
No doubt you here haue aymde the marke to true,
Foꝛ ſuche is ſure the fruite of ſubtile ſæde.
Theſe friends are like to one that vndertakes,
To runne the race, whereby to gayne the pꝛayſe:
Who running well, at firſt, on ſodaine flakes,
And in the midſt his race leaues off and ſtayes.
Not aye doth pꝛoue the gloꝛious moꝛning ſhowe
The fayꝛeſt day, ne all that ſhines is golde:
And therefoꝛe friends in dæde are harde to knowe,
Foꝛ ſome a ſtoꝛme oꝛ two, like friendſhip holde.
The flowꝛes yet in tyme from wæedes appeare,
Whoſe difference firſt in ſpꝛing we ſcarce diſcerne,
The ſunne-oꝛecaſt with clowde in time doth clære,
And eke in time our friends from ſuch we learne.
Foꝛ as one tutch oꝛ two no perfite pꝛowfe
Doth make of friends, no moꝛe doth Golde one heate.
Yet tyme vs tels who links, who lyes alowfe,
Who byꝛds doth yælde, and who the buſhe doth beate.
Wherfoꝛe I ende, as Golde by fyꝛe is tryde,
So friends by pꝛowfe at nædefull tymes are ſpyde.

¶ Another way.

WHen once you haue false fortunes fickle whéele,
perceyude with paine, and tryde with troubled toyle:
The sound to sæ, and forged friend to fæle,
it is not harde, for falshed hath the foyle.
If then you finde that Fortune stands your foe,
let wisedome welde your wit, and all your wayes:
So fayned friends their fayth that doe forgoe,
shall be ashamde, and you attaine to prayse.
For though the whéele with care do cast you downe,
Yet Pallas playes, when Fortune false doth frowne.

¶ To his Friend M. S.

IF friendship true be tryde when welth doth fayle,
from such as fayne, and flée if fortune lowre:
If he a friend that sæmes not then to quayle,
but sækes to helpe and ayde his friend to powre.
My Staplee then a friend thou art in dæde,
That helps thy friend in time of nipping næde.

¶ In mediocritie, most safetie.

AS meane in Musicke soundeth beste,
So meane estate liues most in reste.
The higher clymde, the fall more dæpe,
The dæper fall, the doubler paine,
Declyning paine doth carefull kæpe,
In man eche liuely lumme and haine.
Which prowes what change or chaunce doe fall,
Contented meane excædeth all.

¶ To

¶ To the ſame.

THe high eſtate is daungerous,
The powre degrée is burdenous.
The welthie ſorte are couetous,
The nædie ſoule is dolorous.
The youthfull Imps are prodigall.
The aged be to riches thrall.
The bolder men folehard ye call,
And fearefull wightes are daſtards all.
Then yll eſchew, embrace things cleane,
Well fare the ſwéete and golden meane.

¶ That valiant hartes are deſyrous to aſpyre.

THe valiaunt harte and Noble minde,
with loftie courage hye:
The mightie Mountayne ſéekes to ſcale,
and lets the Molehill lye.

¶ Aunſwere.

THe mounting minde that hatts to climbe,
when Fortune whirles her whéele:
With double dolour is depreſt,
if downe he chaunce to réele.

¶ Another waye.

TO climbe to high muſt nédes be nought,
the feare to fall doth bréede diſeaſe:
To ſinke to lowe brings carefull thought,
diſpayring payne can neuer pleaſe.
The golden meane giues quiet reſt,
Who liues betwene extremes doth beſt.

¶ To his Friend E. R. of the Bee.

WHere as thy minde I sée doth mounte,
to buylde thy nest on hye:
I thinke it good in meaner sorte,
thy wings thou guyde to flye.
For lofttie trées on Mountayne toppes,
with euery blustering blaste
Are shaken sore, when trées belows
doe stande both firme and faste.
The Bée whose force but fæble is,
to Beastes of bigger powre:
Hir selfe doth fæde with Hony swéete,
when greater taste things sowre.
Which prowes the meane with minde content,
more happy lyfe we sée:
Than is to taste the sowre, and sitte
in seate of highe degrée.
From thorny shrubs and barren soyle,
swete sap the Bée doth sucke:
When bigger beastes in fertyle Fields,
with nipping stormes are stucke.
And he within his symple Cell,
doth dwell in safety sounde:
When such as sæke to sayle aloft,
in dole are oft times drounde.
Sæke not therefore with troubled minde,
at stately porte to riue:
But liue content as doth the Bée,
within his homely Hiue.
So shall thy fode be Honie swéete,
though Fortune smile or frowne:
And eke in safetie shalt thou sit,
when higher tumble downe.

¶ Sure

¶Sure counſell, ſounde friendſhip.

OF Louers reſtles lyues I lyſte not wryte,
Let learned heads deſcribe their painefull plight,
But playne in termes, I wiſhe thée euen ſo well,
As thoſe that can fine Tales for Louers tell.

Whoſe friendly meaning if thou wilt receaue,
Deteſt diſloyall loue, to Uertue cleaue,
And ſéeke by honeſt meanes thy ſtate to ſtay,
The vertuous lyfe doth ſyldome bring decay.

Counte not the byrds that vndiſcloſed bée,
Waygh words as winde that yéelds no certaintie,
For poliſht words that déedes doe neuer yéelde,
May likened be vnto the barreyn Féelde.

Prouyde in youth, thy aged yeares to kéepe,
And let fayre ſpéeche go lulle the fonde a ſléepe,
Sir Machiauell ſuch cunning nowe hath tought,
That wordes ſéeme ſwéete when bitter is the thought.

Whilſt youth, ſtrength, ſkyll, welth, friends & coyne wil ſtretch,
Thou fayre art borne, by many a guilfull fetch,
But if theſe helpes but once beginne to fainte,
Adieu farewell, colde comfort findes complainte.

Take héede therefore, retyre in time from thoſe,
To ſerue their turnes, that teach their tongues to gloſe,
Whoſe golden ſhews, although do promiſe much,
In proſe fall out but Copper in the touch.

¶ They performe not best, that promise most.

WHat holde in hope, or truste to fayre allure,
Shee that my sweetest yeares beguylde can tell:
By whome I learne there is no way so sure,
Ne spedier meane to guyde a man to hell.
Loe, he that liste such fayned hope to prowe,
Shall subiect liue, and nere raigne ouer loue.

The pleasure of her piercing eyes me thought,
Should be the lightes that leade to happinesse:
Alas I was to bolde, but she more nought,
To false suche fayth, and meaning nothing lesse,
What heauen is hid in loue, who seekes to see,
Must sue and serue a better Saint than shee.

Though tyme hath stayed the rage of my desyre,
Yet doth her sight renewe my festred wounde:
I curse the arte that cause me to aspire,
In hope of truthe, where no truste could be founde.
But tyll my soule shall breche this carefull gayle,
Loue may not maystred be, nor I preuayle.

¶ Bewtie the bayte of Vanitie.

A Flattering forme hath shewes that sone doe passe,
And vade away as doth the wythered grasse.
The more it hastes to reache the rypest yeares,
The more it fayleth, and worse the forme apeares.
Of pleasant Flowers, the Rose that hath no Peere,
The Violets freshe, and Lylies whyte and cleere.
Doe not alwayes retaine their hewe and sente,
And flourishe still with smell most redolente.
So though thou seeme of feature passing all,
And beerst the forme and fame as principall.

Whose

Whoſe bewtie ſhewes, hath blaſde thy ſhape in ſight,
Which thou in Glaſſe to view, takeſt great delight.
Yet tyme on pollicht forme ſhall furrows plowe,
And wrythed wrinckles peere on blemiſht browe.
That lothe thou ſhalte, to note thy changed hewe,
And hate thy forme in Mirror bright to viewe.
Loe Ladie fayre, that bewtie is but vaine,
Experience ſhewes, when Vertue voyde of ſtaine,
Doth floriſhe freſhe, whome if thou doe embrace,
The more ſhe growes, the greater is her grace.

¶Of Fortune.

O Fortune falſe how double are thy dædes,
Thy painted Flowres are nought in prowfe but wædes.
Who are brought downe, by thy moſt frowarde frownes,
Still ſubiect liue, and trouble them redownes.
To ſlipper happes annexed are their dayes,
To Lyons force, their bodyes are but prayes.
What ſo they winne by meritte or deſerte,
Is from them reft, by power that doth ſubuerte.
Now welthy men doe tell the wiſeſt tales,
And muck is made an equall weyghing ſchales.
No reaſon yet, but right ſhould be of force,
And vertue would that wante ſhould finde remorſe.
But as the toſſed Barke bydes better blyſſe.
And ſharpeſt thrall in tyme releaſed is,
And as the fæble Rædes are rente by Seas,
Yet ſpring againe, when ſwelling waues appeaſe.
So hope I will, though now the ebbe be lowe.
A ſpring in time with former courſe may flowe.

¶A Sonet.

IF wayghtie burthens may be light,
Or fayre deniall det requite:
If Iustice can be termed error,
Or drolle for good and perfite treasor.
If Maye may be without delyte,
Or Snowe of other hewe than whyte,
If Cunning can be without skill,
Or women without headstrong will,
If Pardon where there is no synne,
Or Losse where euery man doth winne,
If Paradise in Hell you see,
Or sylent whereas women bee.
Then shall not Loue be termed hate,
Nor lowe degree the happiest state,
But all this must prooue contrarie,
And therfore Loue is Loyaltie.
Flee it, and it will flee thee,
Follow it, and it will follow thee.

¶To her Louer, that made a conquest of her, and fled, leauing her with childe.

ATstryke to whome I might,
commit my secret teares:
My heart the Mountaynes sight,
and hollow Eccho feares.

I doubt the Dryades,
amids the Forrest chase,
And thinking on the Seas,
I dread the Marmayds grace.

What

What ſhall I truſt the Skyes:
then me the windes bewray:
Your ſoule whom Ioue denyes,
ethe caytife doth betray.

Ya heauy hart, thy méede,
O tell, tell out thy minde:
Ponder his fylthie déede,
that left his ſhame behinde.

And lyke a Cowarde fledde,
fearing the chylde vnborne:
Whoſe mother hée ſhould wedde,
that hath the Babe forſworne.

Was euer Mayde ſo madde,
that might her fayth forgo:
Was euer boy ſo badde,
to vſe a mayden ſo:

His teares did me beguyle,
and cleane oppreſt my powre,
As doth the Crocodile,
in ſéeking to deuoure.

Howe could I well denie,
when nédes it muſt be ſo:
Although a ſhamefull I,
ſhould haue a ſhamefull no.

O faythleſſe friend my guylte,
that firſt with guyle began:
O foliſhe friend that ſpylte,
her mirror on the man.

What hath thy Country done,
or native soyle anoyde:
To force thée it to shonne,
wherein thy Louer ioyde.

No forrein Hauen can hide,
ne colour thine intent:
If lyke in Babe abide,
that doth thy fault present.

And when thy fame hath worne,
within th'Italian coste:
Thou shalt be laught to scorne,
of them that loude thée moste.

The Gods will haue a share,
in gyuing him his hier:
That faythlesse falsly sware,
and prowde himselfe a lier.

And I thy mortall foe,
by fylthie lust beguylde:
To wreake me of my woe,
will slay thy silly childe.

In stead of quiet graue,
wherein his corse should rest:
Thy Impe his hearse shall haue,
in bowels of a beast.

Thy daintie tamed wombe,
that to thy share befell:
Shal finde no doubt a tombe,
amids the mayds in hell.

¶Being burdened to fayne his good will, he aunſwereth thus.

IF mine thy little care,
if thine my reſtleſſe ſtate,
If thine the bꝛunts in bꝛeſt I beaue,
of mine to loue oꝛ hate.
Then trie thou ſhouldſt to true,
that falſhod naught did fraine:
Though now my ſmarts thou liſt not rue,
but makes my griefe thy game.
But out alas I die,
this change is nothing ſo:
Foꝛ I in languiſhe ſtill doe lye,
and fawne on thée my foe.
Who ſmiles to ſée my ſmarte,
and laughes when I doe wœpe:
Regarding naught my faythfull harte,
yet from me doſt it kéepe.
Thus harte to faine vnkilde,
in being whole is bꝛoke:
In health is hurte, aliue is kilde,
by dinte of doloꝛs ſtroke.
And being mine, is ſtolne,
and led by lyking luſt:
Doth leaue the waye of certaine ſtay,
and leane to tickle truſt.
Thou ſayſt I doe not loue,
would God thou didſt not lye:
Such fond affects may nothing moue,
ſuch one thou ſayſt as I.
The Sages ſure were wiſe,
yet foꝛced now and then:
By flaſhing flames of Cupids eyꝛe,
to ſhewe themſelues like men.

Dame Natures force will shewe,
what so therfore befall:
Tis sure my simple state so lowe,
thou dost mislike with all.
My thoughts doe mounte on hie,
though Fortune séeme but base:
Whose yelding walles before thée lye,
to reare or downe to rase.

¶ Chaunge of Country, shall not chaunge fancie.

TO lyfte my fate in forrein soyle,
a time though I depart:
Yet distaunce none, ne tyme, nor toyle
shall pluck from thée my hart.
But as I earst vnfaynedly,
haue vowde me wholy thyne:
So will I stande assuredly,
howe ere the worlde enclyne.

¶ Where abilitie fayleth, wyll suffyceth.

IF knowledge mine could compasse wylling will,
To sounde her fame, so well as dædes deserue:
Or if in Verse by prayse of Poets skill,
I able were to wryte what I reserue.
Then should my pen put forth what now I holde,
And to the worlde her vertues rare vnfolde.

But sithe in me such sacred lore doth fayle,
I leaue the same to Sophos learned brayne:

As

As one whoſe bare and naked Muſe doth quayle,
To vndertake her glory to eyplayne.
Leaſt lack of ſkill that might in me appeare,
Should cliple the light which now doth ſhine ſo cleare.

A perfite Pearle it ſelfe doth ſhewe ſo well,
That naught it nedes a foyle to blaſe the ſame:
Her prayſe lykewiſe, the reſt doth ſo excell,
That finer wittes will ſpred her Noble name.
What ſhould I then vpon her feature ſtande,
Which ſhewes it ſelfe lyke ſunne againſt the ſande:

Her curious ſhape, who viewes and doth not prayſe,
In Noble minde the ſecond is to none:
Not Fortune, but deſerts, her fame doth rayſe,
For Fortune bowes to Vertues loftie throne.)
Where loe ſhe ſetled ſits, in ſeate ſo bright,
As Heſper cleare with gleames of glittering light.

¶Mans impietie, faynes falſe Deitie.

LAſt long is fayne a God of loue to bee,
Whoſe peeuiſhe power ſome deeme is dangerous,
A cunning Archer that could neuer ſee,
Set forth he is, with ſhaftes right perillous.
A wanton winged boy forſooth he is,
And Venus ſonne, whom ſhe doth clip and kiſſe.

Down from the Heauens he ſhoots the flaming dartes,
That Fancie quickly burnes with quenchleſſe fyre:
Bereauing Reaſon quite in all her partes,
Preferring wyll with doting fond deſyre.
Is this a God? no, no, a Diuell ſure,
To ſpilthie luſt that doth the weake allure.

For Gods to Vertue, not to vices iwinne,
Their powers prouoke to good and not to yll:
Tis gainst their kinde to foster fylthie sinne,
Eche heauenly grace, doth heauenly giftes fulfyll.
Then you that fayne Dan Cupide is a God,
Recante in tyme, least Ioue reach forth his rod.

¶ In loue smale iarres, sometime breede best content.

What state more swéete, more pleasant or more hie,
Then loues delight, where hartes doe ioyntly ioye:
If vyle suspect, feare and ielosie,
With gawling grudge did not the same annoy.
Yet where this sowre, with swéete somedeale doth blende,
Loues perfection oft it doth amende.

For thirst the water sauourie makes to séeme,
And after fasting, meate is had in price:
He knowes not peace, nor can thereof esteeme,
That in the warres hath neuer broke the Ice.
Hope is reuinde, and shakes of sorrowes past,
When seruice long doth reape rewarde at last.

Distaunce of Friends maye suffred be with ease,
When safe returne exiles eche former feare:
The farther of, the more doth méeting please,
Things hardly had, obtaynde, are holden déere.
Despayre not then, though eyes debarred bée,
From that fayre sight, the hart doth howerly sée.

¶ What

¶What Nature seuereth, Arte hardly ioyneth.

IN fayth doth frozen Ianus double face,
Such fauour finde, to match with pleasant Maye:
May Horie Hiems now sweete blisse imbrace,
Where fertyle Iune by flatte repulse had nay.
No surely no, though iealous heades misdeeme,
A false vntroth to me they seene doth seeme.

For Frost with Fyre may neuer long agree,
And Maye by course ought mayntaine Venus right:
When shyuering Ianus doth denie we see,
The pleasing sporte that May would most delight.
Then iealous slaunder shut thy chaps for shame,
Depraue them not, whose deedes are voyde of blame.

Since sprinkling showres of sweete Auroraes fludde,
In Hiems raigne are dryed vp with colde:
Whose Syluer drops bedewes the blowming budde,
And makes the fertyle foyle her fruite vnfolde.
Who can beleeue? not I, I vowe in deede,
That Ianus olde should gaine such youthfull meede.

¶He wysheth well to the Crabbe and Maple Tree in Milfeelde, for the Ladies sake that met there vnder them.

THe cheerefull byrde that skips from tree to tree,
By skilfull choyse doth roust and rest at night:
Although by wing and will he may go free,
Yet there he pearkes, where most he takes delight.
As Thrush in thorne, and golden Finch in Fearne,
Great byrds in groues, the smale in bushie hedge:
The Larke alowe, in lostie tree the Hearne,
And some in Fenne, doe shrowde themselues in sedge.

So some men bost in Bayes, whose branch they beare,
Some Hawthorne holde, as chiefe of their delight:
Some wofull wights, the wrethed Willows weare,
Some Roses reach, and some the Lillies white.
Some Plane tree praise, as great Darius sonne,
Whose oft recourse thereto, doth wel expresse,
That vertues rise therin this Prince had wonne,
To lyke the same aboue the rest I gesse.
The Oliander eke, whose Roselike floure,
Fayre Polixene so passing well did please:
Some lift aloft, and some the Pien pure,
Yet trees I know that farre surmounteth these,
Not for their daintie fruites, or odoures swete,
Ne yet for sumptuous shewe that others yelde:
But for the Ladies sakes, which there did mete,
I giue them prayse as chiefest in the fielde.
O happy trees, O happy boughes, whose shade
Ishrouded hath such Noble vertuous wightes:
By whom you were, and are a Mirror made,
Who of your selues doe yelde no great delightes.
O fertyle ground, in yelding wise that lends,
Such causes great of Ladies perfite ioyes,
O blissefull place so fit for faithfull friends,
In pleasures ryfe, to rid them from anoyes.
What wonder may it be, to those shall heare,
In Maple hard, or crooked Crabbe tree sowre:
Such sugred talke, such iests, such ioyfull cheare,
Such mylde affects, as if t'were Cupids bowre?
Nowe sith these Noble Nimphes ybreathed haue,
Upon these plants, in vttering foorth their minde:
If any seeke their secrecie to craue,
High Ioue I pray these trees may shewe their kinde,
Helpe Satyrs eke, you Gods that keepe the wood,
The poysoning breath of Boreas rough resist:
And thou whose syluer drops bedewes eche bud,
Refreshe these trees with swete Aurores mist.

And loue if thou in Pilsælde shew thy might,
Conuert them sone, to fruites of more delight.
That Maple may be Mulberie,
And Crabbe tree eke a Medler be.

¶Being charged with fineneſſe, he answereth thus.

NOt fine good Lady mine,
but playne as playne may be:
Your curious hed may fineneſſe frame,
it longeth not to me.
My symple meaning plaine,
not carued with mincing stile:
Unfayned friendship seekes to shew,
deuoyde of frawds or guile.
No Gnatos parte I play,
ne like Corebus crue:
By glosing words to seeke to painte,
or publishe more than true.
My cheefe delight to please,
is all which I desire:
With nising Nimphes I list not deale,
whose lokes aloft aspire.
Plaine truthe aye yeelds such fruit,
as needes no fined phrase:
And my delight hath lesse desire,
Dame bewties beames to blase.
Whose heaſts in harte I holde,
and will till time I die:
Yet truth might truely match delight,
with things that seeme more hie.
But needeleſſe here to tell,
What all men sees right well.
Where niceneſſe fine is fled,
Doth vertue spring and spred.
Let fineneſſe then be plaste,
Where fineneſſe is embraste.

¶ Such Saintes, such seruice.

THy countnance changde, though clokt in couert sort,
Not all things well, long since did make report.
Though thou vnkinde, and twise vnkinde againe
To me thy friend, wouldst not imparte thy paine.
Yée yet at last, how tyme the truth hath tolde,
What thou wouldst not, loe time doth here vnfolde.
No doubtfull drift whereon demurre dependes,
So close is kept, that time not tries and endes.
And art thou changde? doth fansie so perswade?
To heape thy harme, doe secrete flames invade?
Wilt thou from me so hide thy cause of pine?
Hast thou forgot, I rest still wholy thine?
Where is become thy manly minde, which late
Could so dehort thy friend, in fraile estate?
May one so well approu'd in Pallas feelde,
By view of symple peece, seeme thus to yeelde?
Shall Bussard blinde, thy constant dealing daunt?
Arte thou so fonde, with carren Kyte to haunt?
Or wilt thou stoupe, and bend thy selfe to serue,
A thankleste Trull, whose deeds right naught deserue?
Whose peeuishe pride, descries the Perocks grace,
Though she God wot, be farre more vile and base.
Naught else but wante of wyt, makes pride presume,
The feete well viewd, downe fals the Peacocks plume.
Whose owne conceyte, so dimmes her dazeled sight,
That deeme she doth for day, the duskishe night.
To base she is for thee to lure and call,
Though she by lofty lookes would conquer all.
Thy foode to fine her fylthy gorge to fill,
Of daintie pray to iudge, she hath no skill.
By course of kinde, she doth for carren craue,
Be rulde by me, her diet let her haue.

Doe

Doe way the Kyte, that ſo doth ſcratch and ſcowle,
My Keeper kepe henceforth ſome finer fowle,
For lyke as veſſel aye, yeelds certaine taſte
Of licoure, ſuch as fyrſt therein was plaſte.
So dunghill byrdes, on dunghill ſtill we finde,
To ſhewe the branch when fyrſt they came by kinde.
Caſt of therfore thy care and changed cheare,
Call home thy hart, let wonted plight appeare.
Hoyſe vp thy ſayles, and launch from wrackful ſhore,
Who runnes on rockes, oft bruſed is full ſore.

¶I follow what flyeth from me.

AMidſt the fertile tree,
but fruite I none may get:
Moſt daintie foode I ſee,
yet ſtarue for wante of meate.

Where drinke ſtands me before,
there greateſt drought I take:
My thirſt encreaſt the more,
when moſt I would it ſlake.

So hunger ſtryues to feede,
when hap withholds repaſt,
So thirſt craues drinke with ſpeede,
when thrall ſayth ſtay a caſt.

Thus Tantals toyle I trie,
againſt the ſtreame that rowe:
As hope would heaue me hie,
diſpaire doth ſinke me lowe.

¶No griefe to wante of due regarde.

WHere sorrow sunck in breast, hath sokt by euery ioye,
What comfort there but cruel care, the source of sharpe anoy:
Adieu delightfull dayes that wretch right well may say,
Whose good endeuour made him dreame, till wakt w cold decay.
Adieu deluding hope, that lulde thee so on slæpe,
As slæpe thy sences so bereaude, that waking yet dost slæpe.
Sith all the fruite thou findst, for long imployed paine, (refraine.
Falles out but brakes & brambles sharpe, how mayst thou teares
When ruth is made rewarde, for fayth that fauour sought,
What hart can chose but pine away, in plaint & pensiue thought:
And curse eche practise still, through drift of glosing guiles,
That dandled on true meaning minds, by fraude & hellish wiles.
To serue their turnes tyll they, vnto the bones are worne,
And then on sodaine shake them off, in greatest nede forlorne.
Most like the wormes that fede vpon the kernels swéete,
Forsaking huske when sode is spente, to perishe vnder féete,
So they the hartes of men, doe gnawe in péeces smale,
When youth and coine are both consumde, ỹ leaues them to their
As some by to much prowfe, haue tryed all to true, (thrale.
Enforst to bid their golden time, so fruitlesse spent adiewe.

¶Of Anger.

A Poyson piercing to the death,
A Traytor to the lyfe:
A Foe to friendships constancie,
a friend to deadly stryfe.
Armed agaynst good counsels force,
weake in aduersitie:
A spoyler of such guiltlesse blood,
as is condemde by thée.
A troubled wyt, a reakelesse hande,
a wrathfull hart to spill:

A partiall Judge, a iealous wyfe,
where anger hath her will.
A wastefull purse, a greedie Foe,
a false suspecting thing:
A tickle stay, a prowde disgrace,
a cruell Serpents sting.
A whip to ease, a rack to rule,
a furie to good rest.
A black infecting Spring they saye,
that poysons man and beast.
A hastie heate, a burning flame,
a wylde deuouring whelpe:
A forceless winde, a furie short,
and last a silly helpe.

¶A New yeares gyfte.

LOng may you lyue, and happy yeares enioye,
Among your friends, to staye in blissfull state
Deuoyde of Foes, safe shrowded from annoye.
In all your workes: God graunt you happy fate,
Kindle your care to compasse heauenly things:
Presse downe the worlde, let not his power preuayle.
Esteeme him not, a Syrens song he sings.
Most happy they, where most his flatteries fayle.
Beginne no acte, but fyrst foresee the ende:
Reache forth your hande to helpe the needie still,
Obserue such rules as may your state defende.
Offence forbeare: feare euer to doe ill.
Knowe God and seeke his holy hests to holde,
Example giue, to make the good more bolde,

¶ Another.

LADIMARISAVILE

LEt wisedome welde your witte and all your wayes,
Among the best your credits twill enhaunce:
Detest eche Vice, by Vertue purchase prayse,
In Noble moulde, a Noble minde aduaunce.
March on with those gainst frayle desyres that fight,
And gayne the Gole where glorye greest doth dwell:
Resist eche wrong, endeuour to doe right,
Imbrace good will of such as wishe you well.
Suspend to deeme the worst, what euer breede,
And poyse eche poynte before you verdit giue,
Untill you syft the depth of doubts in deede,
It skill shall shewe to let the matter liue.
Last beare in minde as course doth chaunge the yeare,
Euen so all Natures workes in time doe weare.

¶ Another.

LADIGCAVENDISH

LAy downe your Pens, that pen vnworthy prayse,
Aduaunsing Dames which naught may claime by right:
Direct your course a Ladies fame to raise,
In eche respect that well deserues your sight.
Grace is a gifte deuyne ginen from aboue,
Cancell the scrowles that others praise pretende:
All writs are voyde that substance none doe proue,
Vertue and blood, this Lady both commende.
Eche perfite good in her doth kyndely rest,
Noble by byrth, by Nature affable,
Disposed well, all ill she doth detest,
In euery action modest and stable.
Set shape aside, where Vertue hath no place,
Here shape and Vertue both are ioynde in Grace.

¶ An

¶Another.

TOTHE LADIS PEKE

TYme and trust doth trie both weake and sure,
O blissfull hap that trust in time maye reache:
The patients paine which sicknesse doth procure,
Hath health or ende, at last to be his leache.
Effects (alas) I see doe fall out harde,
Lost labor reapes the crop of lyngering griefe,
And friendships force, through falshoode is debarde.
Despite denies deserte to reache reliefe,
I see some smyle as they wers gyrte with gladnesse,
Stayde vp by hope, though drencht in deepe dispayre:
Preferring sporte, but daunted downe with sadnesse.
Enioying nought, yet faine to flye in th'ayre.
Kept farre from you (God graunt) all such annoye,
Embraste to be with them that lyue in ioye.

¶An Epitaph.

WHat hydes this hearse but quiet silente reste,
The surest ende of his vncertayne time:
Whome neyther sworde, nor fyre, nor age opprest,
But to his Ghost gane way, in haste to clime
Aloft, loe here the iustice of such fatall breath,
To haue a God the author of his death?
Fayth and good nature, honor death and lyfe,
The Noble harte procureth fauour moste,
These markes, these flowres of his age are ryfe,
Wherein both soule and shrine may iustly boste.
Where his desyres lodge, the Gods can tell,
Here lyeth the corse that liued and died so well.

¶A Dreame.

TO clime the high and hauty hyll,
Where Poets preace for praise by skyll,
I lift no labour waste:
The water Nimphes I neuer bewde,
Nor Ladies of the Lake persewde,
That poore Acteon chaste:
King Arthurs Knights long since are fled,
In force that did excell,
And all those Ladies nowe lye dead,
Whose lyues olde Poets tell.
Reuealing, their dealing,
I purpose not to wryte
But dreaming, a straunge thing
Loe heere I doe recyte.

A fayre Pauillion finely pight,
In steepe appeares in my sight.
Amidst whereof in greene and white,
The Goddesse sate of all delight,
Be set about with Ladies true,
Which did to her such seruice due,
As sewe I deeme, the like hath seene,
Done to any earthly Queene.
Her Nimphes all they were,
Of such comely cheere,
Helens face, may giue place,
Where they appeere.

THese Ladies on this Goddesse bright,
Attendance gaue both daye and night,
To worke what she would will:
Some sitting heere, some standing there,
As for the tyme they placed were,

According

Accoꝛding to their ſkill:
Foꝛ Venus then in Maieſtie,
Ye thought at Banket ſate,
Attended on moſt curiouſly,
As beſt beſæmde her ſtate,
Some ſeruing,
Some caruing,
In Office as they ſtode,
Some playing,
Some ſinging,
With glad and chærefull mode.

That ſure me thought in Heauen I was,
To ſee this ſight it ſo did paſſe,
But at the laſt, this Banket paſt,
Of Suters then a Noble route
There did appeare, with dꝛoping cheare,
Beſæching Venus them to heare,
Who ſtraight enclynde, with wyling mynde
To peiſe the playntes that eche put out,
Wherewithall knælde downe,
A wight of renowne,
Who cryde thus, O Venus,
Let fate ceaſe to frowne.

HAue pyttie on her painefull plight,
Whoſe lyfe is led without delight,
In ſighes and ſoꝛrows ſtill:
My youth ſaide ſhe with age I walke,
Foꝛ wealth my Parents me ſo plaſte,
God knoweth againſt my will.
With that another ſtept in place,
And craude with wayling voyce,
O Noble Goddeſſe of thy grace,
Graunt me my wiſhed choyce,
Thus ſæking, Dame liking,

They call on Venus hie:
Still suing, renewing,
Their plaintes with watry eie.

Some out doe crie on iealousie,
And some of great vncourtesie,
With teares complaine, that finde disdaine
Where they haue loued faythfully.
Another sorte, doe eke resorte,
Exclayming lowde on false reporte,
Whereby their fame, and Noble name
Without desert, oft brute doth blame.
And some Ladies say,
Their Lords runne astray,
Whose wanting, and scanting
Oft works their decay.

As thus in course eche made his plainte,
I wofull wretch through loue attainte,
In preasse my selfe did vaunte:
And vnto Venus as I thought,
I hasted fast, and her besought,
My Ladies loue to graunte.
But out alas, euen therewithall
A sodaine thundring noise:
As heauen and earth should faile and fall,
My spirites from sleepe did raise,
Then waking, hart aking,
I languisht lay in woe,
Bewayling, the saying,
Of wished purpose so.

And to my selfe loe thus I saide,
What straunged sight hath me dismaide,
May Visions rare, or dreames declare.
Such sodaine change from ioy to care.

From great delight, such moning cheare,
May Goddesses abide to heare:
No, no, naught else but fansie sure,
My yeelding harte doth lead and lure.
Aye the wight to minde,
Where loue doth me binde,
Whose seruaunt, attendant
The Gods me assignde.

¶Loue asketh loue.

I Sawe of late a wofull wight,
That wyllow twigges did winde to weare:
Whose face declarde the penfike plight,
Which he through loue did present beare.
He lokte aloft as though he would
Haue clymed to the starry skies,
But still he stod as though he could
Not once lift vp his heauie thies.
His feathered hands he forced forth,
And thyther fayne he would haue fledde,
But wofull man it was no worth,
For all his limmes were lade with ledde.
You are the bright and starrie skye,
I am the man in painefull plight:
My limmes are lade I cannot flye,
My wings may not sustaine my weight.

I reade howe loue did Gismond wounde,
The childe of Tancred Salerne king:
Per fauour Guistarde constante founde,
She fancied else no other thing,
For riches nought, nor for his wealth,
Whereof he had but little store,
His vertue was her onely health,
She likte that well, she sought no more,

They had their hoped hap and toye,
If Tancred could contente him so,
But he by working their annoye,
Unto himselfe brought greatest wo.
You are that Gismond fayre and bright;
Would I had Guistards vertuous life,
And Tancred chast cleane out of sight,
Then would I wyshe for such a wife.

Some saye howe Luna loued one,
Of lowe estate and little fame,
By name yclipt Endimion,
Whose loue was quite deuoyde of blame.
In Laëmi hill it thus befell,
She sawe him sit all sadde alone,
Tis I (quoth she) I knowe full well,
For whom he mournes and makes his mone.
She shamed not of Laëmi hill,
Nor yet of Louers simple state,
But sone consentes vnto his will,
And him did chose to be her mate.
O Luna looke vpon thy Loue,
Endimion makes his mone to thee:
Be not abasht, let pittie moue,
That loue for loue may yeelden bee.

¶ The variable thoughts of a Louer.

I Liue in hope and yet despayre,
Reioysing most when griefe doth growe:
I mounte aloft aboue the ayre,
Yet lead my life in Limbo lowe.

I neuer seeke, though much I finde,
Yet finde I nought and still doe seeke:

I see what best contents my minde,
When most in minde I doe misdeeme.

One holdes me in captiuitie,
So sure that I ne once may swerue:
Albeit I liue at libertie,
As free from bands that I deserue.

R. T.

THye shyp that late I sawe beare loftie sayle,
Deepe lanched in the waues of waters wilde:
Whose courage stowte I deemde no storme might quayle,
When I her viewde so fast and fyrmely fielde.
With tempest tost, is forst now sayle to streeke,
And in her prime doth houering harbour seeke.

¶ Aunswere.

THough streaming stormes, force ship to harbor haste,
To whom the Seas with rigor great threates wrack:
Whose cables cut, and ankers worne to waste,
Is forste straeke sayle in her so great a lack.
When Neptune yet with Septer plaste in hande,
Shall calme the furious rigour of the Flwd:
This Shyp repayrde, may safely sayle to lande,
Nought dreading Eolus breth, that her withstood.
So H. doth hope his Howlke such porte shall finde,
When storms be past, as will content his minde.

¶ Another waye.

LEt none mislike a man for his mischap,
But thinke how chance doth check the greatest might:
Aeneas he, Vlisses worthy wight,
By lande and seas, did danger great entrap,
None for deserts are lulde in Fortunes lap.
Chaunce roules vs rounde, and reaks ne wrong nor right,
Ne lewde is he on whom lewde luck doth light.

Was not Iobe iuſt, though ſorte in ſorrowes lay.
They erre that deeme all goes as men deſerue,
At length Aeneas ranne his weary race:
Vliſſes eke and Iobe, God did preſerue,
So I poore wretch whom Fortune doth diſgrace,
Do hope thylke God will guyde my craſed barge,
Which beates the ſeas, whilſt none of her takes charge.

B.

¶ Godlyneſſe paſſeth ryches.

THy ſtenour ſtore that vertuous wights poſſeſſe,
More worth then is the wickeds great exceſſe.
Yet ſtrange to ſee what toyle ſome worldlings take,
For ryches vaine, that ſome will them forſake.
Whoſe greedie guttes, no reaſon may ſuffice,
The muck on moulde ſo blinded hath their eyes.

¶ His aunſwere to one that wrote, fayntе hartes that feare to ſynne, fayre Ladyes ſyldome winne.

HE much more valiaunt is,
whoſe ſteps are ſlow to ſinne:
Then who ſo ſeekes vnlawfull meanes,
his Ladies loue to winne.
And greater prayſe deſerues,
his will that can ſubdue:
Than thou which boldly brags, to gaine
the thing thou well mayſt rue.
A pleaſure ſhort thou ſeekſt,
procuring laſting paine:
A poyſon ſweete thou doſt imbrace,
that ſundry wightes haue ſlaine.
A doze that lets in Death,
a ſcourge that whips the ſaule:

Advice that Vertue ouerthrowes,
who doth it not controule.
A flame of burning fyre,
that reaues all reasons rules:
A gulfe of foule desire,
that oft makes wise men fooles.

¶ To I. N.

GOod will put forth my Pen in haste,
and made me bolde to craue:
And Loue layen me fore to seeke,
that I suppose you haue.
Pleasure drew forth my doubtfull care,
and helde my hande aright:
And Vse transported like a guyde,
the vaine desyre I waight.
Hope flattered so these troubled thoughtes,
that comforte of the paine:
Would force me to appose thy will,
with fansies of the braine.
Slowe of it selfe my little skill,
but that thy truth profest:
Will pardon bothe my light offence,
and graunt this poore request.
To tell if ayre maye alter greefe,
or where like luck betide:
Thy selfe, that vnder Country Hauens,
dooste seeke thy selfe to hide.
And if loue bee, what thing it is,
if not, what moues my paine:
God Nedham wayte, or come in haste,
and I shall wayte againe.

¶H. To his mishap.

THe Gallie slaue that stirres the fleeting Oze,
In foming Seas, to cut the mounting waue:
With heauie chere doth wish the gladsome shoze,
In hope that ende his thzaldome then shall haue.
Oz else doth hope amidst his pyning wo,
That ship will sinke, and ende his trauell so.

The sickly wight whom Feuers pinche full soze,
With gasping bzeath, and panting hart in bed:
And yelds himselfe content with Natures loze,
Reuoltes againe, who was by hope misled,
If vitall bzeath yet chaunce to fayle him than,
Now past his paine, becomes a happy man.

An ende of woes these sélie folke obtayne,
An ende of thzals at length by deathes they finde:
Deuoyde of cares, and I as wzetch remayne,
To whom aliue the Gods aboue assignde.
That lyuing yet, a thousande times should dye,
And long time dead, vnburied yet should lye.

¶Falsyfying of Fayth, breedes
many complaynts.

MY idle head refaynes the buste hope,
My gasing eye giues ouer her desyze:
My reaching hand would after fauoz grope,
My legs yelde vp and leaue me in the myze.
Tis light t'outrunne, but not to outread the wise,
Thus finde I strike to hinder my deuise.

The time too shozte, to weare so spédie gréese,
I still pursue, that shunnes my wylling holde:

Skill

Skill is to weake to yéelde my woe releéfe,
My cares lyke clowds, infect my hart with colde.
So that if heat ſhould melt ſo cruell froſt,
My heart were drowndé, and all the loue were loſt.

Betwéene two Adamants of equall weyght,
I am the péece of yron to beholde:
Wythout deſert, loe I am made the baight,
Denide the ioy that my deſyres wolde.
My taſte of loue, is loſt as you may geſſe,
That know how Sickmen ſauour bitternéſſe.

Who would his will, muſt beare the bitter lot,
The Faucons kéte vitraynth the Princes hande:
When loue was made, his eyes were quite forgot,
The higheſt towers in greateſt danger ſtande.
O ſlipper holde, that for a ſilly eye,
Can finde no peace, but euer ſéekes to die.

Die, and doe all the wretched traine of loue,
To know the torment of my boyling ſmarte:
Her might on me poore man ſhe ment to prouue,
Whom I had thought, ſhould heale my wounded harte.
O cruell penance to my poore deſyre,
In ſuch great heat to bring me to the fyre.

¶ To his Song, ſent to his Miſtreſſe.

SOng in the ſwéete place,
Where as my Ladie was
walking:
Thinke if thou ſhouldſt ſtande,
She would reach out her hande,
wylling.
Touch not her tenderneſſe,
Stoupe to her ſtatelineſſe,
bie thée.

Spirite without carkesse,
Mercurie bodilesse,
ply thée.
Tell her I will come,
Knowing not howe soone,
spéede well.
Loue may no let haue,
This is all I craue,
farewell.

¶ A Poesie.

THe streaming stormes, that fast on me doe flowe,
The secrete sighes that waste my wofull breast:
The Isie colde I feele like flakes of Snowe,
The hidden harmes that bréede my great vnreast.
By Fancies force doe cause such troublous tyde,
That shyp nowe shakes, which late in roade did ryde.

¶ Aunswere.

WHere reason rules, affections fonde doe flye,
And bewties beames smale bitternesse may bréede:
Where wisdome will, by vertues skill doth tye,
Cupidos flames are quenched forth with spéede.
Let reason then thy will by wisedome guyde,
So shalt thou safely shunne this stormie tyde.

¶ The vanitie of rytches.

THe stately Pallace Princely plaste,
the hoorde of glyttering Golde:
The Patrimony large of landes,
cannot from sicknesse holde.
Nor can they cure the crased corps,
or deck the minde at all:

Golde

Golde is the Father to the Flock,
of Flatterers by lotte:
It is the summe of griefe or woe,
who hath, or hath it not.
For who it hath, he quaketh in feare,
least Fortune robbe his thrifte:
Who hath it not, laments because,
he knowes not how to thrifte.
Wherfore of ritch or poore I iudge,
as wisedome smale I heede:
In best estate is he, with his
that liues with minde contente.

¶ Discorde makes weake, what concorde
left strong.

THe quyet pawse that silente night,
Doth bring from trauayles past:
Mi daye no sooner had by sleight,
A slumber on me cast.
But in my slæpe there did appeare,
Sixe sauadge men in mosse and haire:

¶ Answere.

A Fagot bounde the foremost wight,
We thought in hande did beare:
Which ioyntly and alone throughout,
All sought to breake and teare,
Yet still in vaine their strength they tryde,
Eche parte to other was so tyde.

¶ Truth feareth no triall.

Till wresting long, a stick at last,
One forth by sleight doth wring,
Whereby the Bundell knitte so fast,
Asunder soone they fling.
When eche a seuerde peece doth spoyle,
Which late conioynde, no force could foyle.

This done me ſæmde they vaniſhte quite,
And there my Dreame did ende:
Yet ſo amazed with the ſight,
That out a ſighe I ſende.
I curſt the frawde that friends deſace,
Whoſe broken bande eche harme doth baſe.

The wrack of Realmes hereby is wrought,
The force of Foes increaſt:
The ſpoyle of famous Princes ſought,
And right by wrong ſuppreſt.
Foule fall therefore the guyde of thoſe,
That friendſhips bande doe ſæke to loſe.

And happy they that doe reſtraine,
Their eares to heare when Syrens faine.

¶Of one that came to borrow money.

I Ne loane what loſſe, I want and would,
Two Gods I bring to entreate for Golde,
Perſwaſion may procure the thing,
That force would vndertake to bring.

¶Aunſwere.

THe loſſe of Friends by bringing home againe,
Such Intereſt I ſæke not ſo to gleane,
Two Goddeſſes to match your Gods there be,
Inopie and Impoſſibilitie.

¶Truth feareth no tryall.

THe Muſes calde a Courte of late,
Wherein they dæmde of ſundry dædes:
To ſcan eche cauſe in ſeate they ſate,
The ſummond pære and law prodædes,
The truth they ſought of all mens harts,
And dæmde of eche by his deſarts.

So some were saude, and some I sawe,
Condemde to dye by Justice might:
Among the which by course of lawe
Approcht to barre a worthy wight,
Whome festred Enuy sought to spoyle,
By forged lyes his fayth to foyle.

Upon whose talke he was araynde,
Holde vp thy hande quoth Doubt by name,
Thou art accused to haue staynde
Thy credite, and thy fayth with shame.
And briefe to be, by verdite iuste,
Condemde thou art for thine vntruste.

To whom the Captiue gan reply,
I graunt if this be prowed true:
That I well worthy am to dye,
And here I craue no more of you.
But perfite triall of my case,
(The guiltie onely pleads for grace.)

A Queste was then impanelde newe,
And his accusers calde in sight:
Suspition did the sute pursue,
Ye was indited by Despite.
The Muses nowe with all the reste,
Made Conscience foreman of the queste.

Wherewith Suspition fled for feare,
Despite durst not maintaine his sute,
The cause was calde, the captiue cleare,
Thus did the last, the fyrst confute.
And he that earst should nædes haue dide,
No trespasse made, when truth was tride.

Loe thus beholde, the guyltlesse wight,
Had Conscience not bene present tho:

Through false report and deepe despight,
Condemde had beene to death to go.
By which you well may learne and see,
The faultlesse ofte condemned bee.

Let pittie therfore moue your minde,
To stay your doome till truth be tryde:
So you by search shall easily finde,
That I from truth did neuer slyde.
As tyme by triall shall declare,
I aske no more, so spoyle or spare.

¶ He complayneth his mishap, with promise to keepe her honor.

THe wandring Outlaw borne to woe,
and bred a banisht man:
Vntaught the suttle sleights of loue,
of loue this tale began.
When fyrst my sences dranke the swéete,
that gaue my body blood:
I felt no Foe to let my loue,
nor God against my good.
Till lusse misreckned my delightes,
my wandring ioyes to ende:
And founde her out to stay such toyes,
to stande my trustie friende.
I boast the graunt if all were giuen,
it may, would God it might:
O happie man, more happie mayde,
if all had hit aright.
Mishap withholdes no meane to hope,
to purchase my pretence:
Beautie me rauisht first, and now
reuength without offense.

Thus like a childe agayne, vntaught
the sleightes of dayntie mindes:
Such nurture take I of my Nurse,
as Nature iustly bindes.
These sides enshrine her stately loue,
if other thoughts she haue:
She shall possesse that I prosesse,
and yet her honor saue.

¶G. To his Ladye.

I See in loue some farther fetch there is,
Than reason can reueale to me that would:
Accuse the cause that makes me think amis,
And finde the fault of such vntempred mould.
Of sundry workes doe diuers wonders growe,
Yet skill shewes why, and how they should be so.

I see the Sunne both moue, and melt, and chaunge,
At once both dry and dew the dustie sande:
Yet are the raging stormes of loue so straunge,
As I forbeare the cause to vnderstande.
Except I should impute it to the wurst,
And curse the kinde that neuer Louer durst.

I see the starre that guydes my stirring loue,
The goodly Saint that sacrifice deserues:
Sometime I sayle, and sinke for feare to proue,
And oft my solemne obsequies reserue.
Yet but for loue her passing giftes deuine,
Nature had neuer made them halfe so fine.

I see the secrets of my wofull eyes,
Must seeke to rest on no such perfitnesse:
Would they had kept her still aboue the skyes,
Where first she toke alluring comlynesse,
But sith her shape no mortall man may craue,
Yelde honor such as fittes her best to haue.

¶For finale offence, finale punishment.

My Lady giues the reyne to her despite,
And lightly she beléeues what others fayne:
With death she bowes my seruice to requite,
And payes me not with like good will againe,
So that she séekes to trusse vp my good will,
With trusting those that euer ment me ill.

The murdring knyfe for my offenceless crime,
I sée preparde to gore my guiltlesse blood:
The cruell voyce of rough condemning rime,
Hath scapte her mouth, and maye not be withstood.
Yet let her date my death with this one line,
Here lyeth my Seruant buryed in his Shrine.

If mercie fayle, there is no other charme,
If that preuayle, vngracious luck farewell:
My guiltlesse trespasse shall escape the harme,
That enuye wisht on me to haue befell.
Of my estate, let her say yea, or nay,
I most regarde her domme for to obay.

From heauen the grace of gentle minds descends,
And like the maker should the matter bee:
Then let my Mistres when she wrath pretends,
Affects of mercie in the Gods forcsee,
And when she graunts to follow them in that,
Let her recure and pardon she knowes what.

¶Loues myghtinesse growes by
Louers weakneſſe.

IF poſwer of warre had yélded to renowne,
Of curteous hartes, the Gods had then agréede:
Diſgraded Saturne had not tumbled downe,
Nor Ioue had durſt in Goldlike Artes proceede.
O cowardly Gods againſt your kinde to ſée,
Your ſelues, your ſonnes, the ſlaues of Ioue to bée.

Could Ioue take league with Iouc againſt his will,
Or ſtaine the ſtreame of Neptunes water Springs:
And could not Plato kéepe his honor ſtill,
But giue the Heauens and Hilles to other kings?
In faith the fate amongſt ſwéete ſoules ſhould dwell,
That conquered theſe, in ſpite of powers in Hell.

¶A compariſon of his troubles.

GReat ſwelling flodes are ſone dried vp,
with meaner calmes I ſée:
And mightie Froſtes, with gentle heate
are wont diſſolude to bée.
The darkeſt clowdes in th'ayre tóſt,
depart with no great winde:
Yet can the tempeſt of my care,
no quyet harbor finde.

¶I. K. to H. being ſicke.

THe ſickly ſtate, thou griped art withall,
When brute had blowne and ſounded to mine eare:
From eare to heart, the ſodaine noyſe did fall,
And there begins to change my choiſe of my cheare.

For choyce is past, needes must I match with mone,
When hope is crackt, what comfort may endure?
The best parte eke of me, to greefe is gone.
Scant then the partes beside, may well be sure,
Yet feare not H. quaple not, be of good cheare,
Thy Keeper bids thee haue a hardy harte:
Be lyke a man, the weather will be cleare,
If not for thee, yet cause not me to smarte.
So being bolde in thine extremitie,
Thou shalt saue two, that is both thee and me.

¶ Aunswere H.

THe plunged state wherein I restlesse lay,
When these thy lynes were brought before my viewe:
A certaine tyme began to cease and stay:
And still mee thought my pinching paine withdrew,
To heare from thee, such comfort did ensue,
But when at last, I learned had thy greefe,
My comfort fledde, bereft was all releefe.

And then a newe my crased corps in paine,
Lay languisht long, not knowing what were best,
A thousand thoughts within my troubled braine
So moude my minde, that vnneth could I rest,
The slypping ioyes that worldly wights possest,
Loe then I sawe, full soone away did slide,
And nothing was, that still might stande or bide.

No Forte so strong, no Bulwarke rayse so sure,
But tyme consumes and tumbleth downe at last:
Mannes force is frayle, and lyke the feeble flowre,
That bendes and breaks with euery little blast,
His dangers great, his pleasures soone farpast,
As now by me appeares, whose ioyes doe vade,
Whose griefe doth grow, whose comfort glides to glade.

Whose

Whose lyfe lyke smoke, doth slylie slynck awaye,
Whose Rock is réelde, whose fatall thréed is spunne,
Whose dreame doth ende, whose slumbring sleepe doth staye,
Whose web is wouen, whose Glasse is welnie runne,
Whose parte is playde, whose tale is tolde and done,
Whose will doth yéelde to leaue this wretched vale,
Where naught is sure, but driry Death most pale.

¶Of Friendship.

Who holds himselfe most deare, and hath his wante,
Although he would, he may not store his friend:
But he that séekes his secrets there to plante,
Where wealth is frée, shall finde a quyet ende.
Giue me the poorest man to triumph on,
Or welthiest friend, or let me liue alone.

¶Aunswere. G. H.

GIue me the equall friend, for greater state
Will euer grudge the wante of lowe degrée,
And eke the meane repine at welthier mate,
Thus enuy breakes what friendship did decrée.
By iuste agréeing porte no iarre doth grow,
Where wealth ne wante denies the friendly show.

¶H. To M.

THe crased Barke full oft is saued by Pylots care,
The greatest griefes by pleasant ioyes asswaged are.
The daylie toyles by some quiet rest are alwayes eased,
The vexing spirites by Musike swéete, séeme somewhat pleased,
My onely ioy regarde you this my wofull case,
Sith none but your disdaine, my sorrow can delace.

¶Admonition to his Friend.

IF thou wilte be rightfull,
Alwayes stande thou faythfull.
To doe well be carefull,
Note friends and be thankfull.

Vaine talke flye and learne wit,
Marke wise spæche and lone it.
Alwayes prayе, and boast not,
Eschue pride, and vaunte not.
Hate no man, disdaine not,
Take time and slæpe not.
Eche vertue trayne iustly,
Regarde betters wisely.
Offend no wight wrongly,
And declare alwayes truely.
So God sure will loue thée,
And good men will praise thée.
When Vertue shall grace thee,
All fame shall embrace thée.

¶Who seekes this Worlds felicitie,
Fyndes nothing else but vanitie.

WHo sæekes on earth to finde, his Mansion sure to dwell,
Forsakes his God, forgets his heauen, & hies him fast to hell.
For why no flesh hath force, eternitie to finde,
But as of Clay it came, to Clay it must conuert by kinde.
If Bewtie blynde thine eyes, or Coyne it be thou craue,
Be sure therof they clogge thy soule, whē carcasse comes to graue.
Not strength, not honors stage, nor Empire helde alone,
But conscience clære must only serue, before the heauenly throne
Suppose before thy Prince, thy onely tale surmounts, (acounts.
Tryumph not thou, for th'angels trumpe, calles thée to more
More pleasure here thou takes, in toyes on earth below,
More fæble thou, more force is theirs, to yælde thine ouerthrow.
No comfort doe conceaue, in vaine and tryfling toyes,
No minutes myrth can counteruayle, aye during deepe annoyes.
On earth the force of flood, and flame thou doest desyre
To shun, then chiefely sæke to auoyde, the force of endlesse fyre.
On earth thou doest desyre, delights that be but vayne,
In heauen the whylst thou dost neglect, the ioy ỳ shall remayne.
Then dye on earth to liue, and liue on earth to dye,
Repose thy trust in heauenly things, and loy eternallye.

¶ To a Flatterer.

AS soundes from hollow things,
doe nought but ayre implie:
So words from faythlesse friends,
shewe nought but flatterie.

¶ Aunswere.

CAlme Seas least feared bée,
more daunger when they swell:
Yet in all Tydes we sée,
they vse to sounde them well.

¶ Reason and Fansie doe often varie.

THere Fansie bids vs runne, and Reason staye,
And presse our powres, that frayltie nought preuayle:
Affection blinde doth beare so great a swaye,
That we in greatest danger hoyse vp sayle.
We burne our selues, and yet doe blowe the fyer,
And trust the ayde that leaues vs in the myer.

Desyre assayes with Fansies winges to flye,
When hap with holdes, to yéelde our will successe:
Hope would aduaunce it selfe vnto the skye,
Despayre sinkes downe, and sits in sad distresse.
Desyre, dispayre, hope, hap, by fansie prest,
Thus ioyne their battayle in affections brest.

Reason resistes, vayne hope, hopes Lead will swymme,
Wyt would preuayle, affection will not yéelde:
Desyre with Frayltie ventures lyfe and lymme,
Inforcing Reason to forsake the fielde.
And thus with Fancies lore our reason ledde,
In Follies brake, we oft bring fooles to bedde.

Looke ere you leape, beware least footing fayle,
Example take by poore Acteons fall:
We thinke that pretie fansie may preuayle,
And therfore listen to his luring call.
But when most gréedie Dogs doe vs deuour,
Fancie stands aloofe, not able to succour.

A little bewhing Curre doth oft procure,
Aſſault of greater Dogs, as doth appeare,
So while we raſhely yéelde to Fanſies lure,
Poze eger Curres are readie vs to teare.
Dur owne deſyze, affection, luſt, and will,
Are thoſe ſame Dogs which doe their mayſters kill.

Yet neyther counſayle, wiſedome, ſence, noz arte,
Can bzydle youth from his deſyzed ioye:
Graue pzecepts haue no power to ſtaye his harte,
From wozking of his owne extreme annoye:
And though our ſelues doe know ſuch things are vayne,
Yet doe we ſéeke the ſelfe ſame things to gayne.

What madneſſe thus to ſtryue againſt all ſence?
To ſue, where Reaſon would we ſhould refrayne:
Againſt all counſayle thus to make pzetence,
And voyde of wiſedome ſo to beate our bzayne,
To buye repentance with ſo déepe deſyze,
And with ſuch heate to ſet our thzift on fyze.

And yet no helpe, when Fanſie freightes our boate,
But Follyes foze, perfoze will hoyſe vp ſayle:
Till midſt the waues of had I wiſt we floate,
We thinke our pleaſant courſe ſhould neuer fayle.
Unleſſe Gods ſpeciall grace doe make a ſtay,
Our nature weake thus wozks her owne decay.

¶A Poeſie.

SIth nothing ſtayes in good oz happy ſtate,
Where Uice aboundes and Uertue doth abate:
Why doe we not our lyues with ſpéede reſozme?
That Conſcience cléere may fále no gnawing wozme.

¶ Certaine

¶ Certaine Verses translated out of Petrark, concerning Rome, written by him many yeares since.

A Flame from Heauen streame downe vpon thy head
Thou wicked one, that from the water colde,
And Acornes wilde, (that whilom was thy bread)
Arte mightie made, enrichte by others Golde.
Since thy delight is setled all on ill,
Shame thée destroy, and sorrow sone thée spill.

Thou Nest in whome the treasons hatched are,
That through the worlde abroad are spred this howre:
Slaue to Wine, chambring and delicious fare,
Where Lust doth trye the strength of all her power.
In Closets thine, yong gyrles and aged Siers,
With Belzabub doe daunce in foule desiers.

Hè Bellowes, Fyre, and loking Glasse doth beare,
Amidst them all, but why I blushe to tell:
Naked to wyndes, and bare foote late thou were,
No beddes of Downe vnto thy share befell.
Course clothes did serue thy corps from colde to shrowde,
Scarce God thy pære, thou now art growne so prowde.

Thou Babilon that buyldes thy Nest so hye,
By courtous frawde thy sack to brimme dost fill,
With Gods great wrath and vices out that flye:
Whose poysning smell a worlde of soules doe kill.
Gods to thy selfe thou makst, not Ioue nor Pallas,
In Venus and Bacchus is all thy solace.

In searching long, what should of thée ensue,
My selfe with toyle I fæble brought and lowe:
But at the length mée sæmde a Soldan newe,
I sawe prepared to worke thy ouerthrowe.
That will erect Baldacco seat for those,
Which (though not when I would) shall thée depose.

Thy Idols on the grounde shall scattered lye,
Thy Towers prowde to heauen that enimies bée:
And Turrets all by fyre downe shall flye,
Then shall iust soules the friends of vertue, sée
The golden worlde a newe beginne to raigne,
And auncient works shew forth themselues againe.

Thou sorrowes source, the sinke of many a one,
Thou Schole and Temple whence all errors growe:
Once Rome, but nowe that cruell Babilon,
For whom the worlde in teares doth ouerflowe,
Exclayming on thy cursed wickednesse,
Bewrapped in the vayle of holynesse.

O Forge of false deceyte, prison to vyce,
Where goodnesse dyeth, and euils all are bredde:
To those that liue, thou art a hellish fyre,
The ruine eke of many wretches deade.
A wonder straunge though spared thou be yet,
If Christ in fine not treade thée vnder fæte.

Thy ground was fyrst on humble pouertie,
But nowe thy pride doth presse thy Founders downe:
Thou shameless strumpet sæking suffraintie,
Where rests thy hope? what in thy triple crowne?
In thy adulteries or base borne rytches
Begotte in guile? vaine are all such wytches.

Since Constantine may nowe returne no more,
The mournefull worlde that sighes thy state to sée:
Consume and cut thée quick vnto the core,
That all to long is forst to beare with thée.
Of Rome the fall, here Petrark doth vnfolde,
As view they may, that list the same beholde.

In pátientia victoria.

FINIS.